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### PARTING AT SAKURAI

*Masashige was defending the Emperor Godaigo against stronger forces, and he knew that he would be defeated. His son, Masatsura, who was eleven years old, came and asked to go to the battlefield with him. The father would not let him, but gave him a sword which was a gift from the Emperor, and said, "Dear son, you are too young to die yet. But keep this sword, and promise me never to use it except to defend the Emperor." Masashige was killed, and Masatsura kept his promise. Later he commanded the Emperor's forces. The picture above was made of silk raised in relief against a painted background. A Japanese school sent it to this country.*

# The Story of Og

FRED W. KAY

Illustrations by Helen Finger

**I**N THAT far off and beyond land then called the land of Nor, lived Og. When Og was born, his father looked at him and said, "This is a poor son. He is too small to be a hunter. Perhaps he will die." But Og did not die. His mother fed him on the juice of herbs gathered in the forest, and he grew little by little.

Now the brothers of Og were strong and handsome and clothed themselves in bearskins as did all the men in the land of Nor. And they were good archers and mighty hunters. But Og was always little, with a bent back and thin legs, and only his mother loved him and talked to him.

But Og loved his father and two brothers and longed to be like them. And when they were gone from their lodge, Og would steal away to the thinly wooded forest and sit at the trunk of one of the larger trees and dream about being a great and mighty hunter.

One day in the forest Og found a rabbit held fast in a man-made trap. The rabbit said, "Thank you, Og. I am old and will soon die. Take me home and let me live with you."

So Og took the rabbit home and the people of Nor shouted, "See Og, the Hunter." "Og has caught a rabbit." "His brothers bring home a bear, but Og brings home a rabbit."

The rabbit said to Og, "You have been a true friend. When I am dead, take my poor skin for yourself. It will keep you warm and in winter guard you from North Wind. The ears will tell you the sounds of the animals of the forest, and many miles of travel will never weary your legs."

And one day the rabbit died. Og took off the skin and stretched it over a bent bough and hung it in a tree to dry. Og buried the body of the rabbit in the forest and placed stones upon its grave. And when the skin dried it fitted Og. Now Og thought he could be a hunter, but his brothers said, "You are too small. Stay here with the old people and children." So Og stayed at home.

Each day the hunters went to the forest, for all the lodges of Nor must be filled with food, as the time of the snows would soon come. One night when the sun was very near the edge of the earth, as is true in the land of Nor and all northernmost lands, South Wind suddenly whispered good-bye and silently stole away. In the morn-

ing came North Wind rushing down from the hills like a hungry wolf, bringing huge gray clouds to blot out the low sun.

There was much suffering in the land of Nor, and even the mightiest of the hunters could bring in only a little meat. The storm god unrolled his snow blanket over all the land, and North Wind tore at the lodges of Nor, and leaned his mighty shoulders against the trees and bowed them down to earth.

Now all the people of Nor were hungry and the father of Og called them together and said, "There is but enough food for another day. It is better that we perish in the forest than starve sitting by our fires. Let us all go together and hunt, and perhaps one of us will be lucky."

Og listened and was happy, but his father said to him, "You could not help, and we travel too fast for you."

Then one of the brothers said, "Let him go. Perhaps he will find another rabbit."

Over the crust of frozen snow the men of Nor traveled towards the hills, but the forest was as bare as their own lodges. Og's small body moved lightly over the snow. His ears could catch the tiniest sounds. Suddenly he stopped and said to his father, "There is a bear here. I can hear him breathe. Perhaps he is sleeping under the snow."

The brothers laughed, but one old hunter stopped them saying, "Let us dig and see."

So the hunters dug away the snow and found a great hole going down into the ground. Now this was a true sign of bear. In haste they broke twigs and limbs from stunted pine and birch trees and built a fire at the mouth of the hole. And on the briskly burning fire they heaped tundra moss pulled with cold and aching fingers from the frozen ground beneath the snow. Then the men of Nor waited with bow strings taut and spears held high.

Suddenly out through the smoke rushed a huge bear. With head down and teeth flashing he charged the hunters. His great hairy paws struck out at the men surrounding him. Hunters fell about him like broken reeds, but the men of Nor throw their spears quickly and hard, and he was soon dead. Now the men of Nor shouted with glee. Upon the smoky fire they heaped



*The people of Nor shouted, "See Og, the hunter"*

much wood and around and around the flames they danced.

At the end of the day, the tired hunters reached their village. Soon the smell of food cooking filled the air. There were no empty stomachs in the land of Nor that night. "Og is a great hunter," said the people of Nor. "Og is little but wise." "Og is smarter than his brothers."

And throughout that long cold winter in the land of Nor where the days are nearly as dark as night, Og went with the hunters to the forest. And always Og would tell the hunters where to go, and always there was food to fill empty stomachs.

Now the father of Og was proud of his small son and made for him with his own hands, a small but strong bow. And the most skilled of the men of Nor fashioned arrows straight and true and brought them to Og. And in his hands they placed a spear, a small spear but such as any great hunter would be proud to own.

Now day by day the sun rose

higher and higher, the days grew brighter, and day by day the women of Nor gathered wood for great bonfires to celebrate the end of winter.

Then one day when all the snow had turned into little rivers, the hunters counted the skins of animals taken in the winter's hunt. They were as many as the new spring leaves, and gone forever was the fear of lean and hungry days.

But there were many hunters among

the men of Nor, and each was proud of his own prowess. So it happened at the time of the great bonfires, many stories were told, and one hunter challenged another. Then one of the brothers of Og said, "Let us have a great hunt, but each go alone. Then the one amongst us who returns with the greatest prize shall be the mightiest hunter of all."

So the men of Nor departed, and they went the ways of the four winds, but never two together. Carrying the bow made by his father, and his spear, a good true spear but of small size, Og traveled towards the home of North Wind, where in the long winter days he had watched the pole star hung like a silver lantern in the pale blue sky. And always Og traveled in a straight line, and when he came to a hill he went over it and on again.

Now in the land of Nor there is sunshine night and day from the time the young rype breaks his shell until the fox closes the door of his winter home. But this is but three short months, and the sun drops lower and lower until at last there is no sun at all. Then the days become but a bright darkness, and the nights are as black as the pads of a great bear's foot.

The days and nights of sunlight passed quickly and one by one the hunters of Nor returned. And each brought the skin or head of some beast of the forest, and one hunter brought a rare swan which he had captured alive. Soon all the days of summer had passed, and only Og had not returned to the land of his people.

Now Og traveled far, and at last he came upon Mt. Kebnekaise, home of Tiermes, god of thun-





der. Here Og rested and ate berries and fish taken with his spear from the swiftly running mountain brooks. And here Og tested the bow and arrows made for him by his father and the men of Nor. But Og hunted only the wolf, the enemy of all living things in the forest. And soon the peaceful animals of Kebnekaise learned of Og and feared him not.

Here Og was happy and the days passed quickly, until the brightness of summer began to dim. Suddenly North Wind let loose a great blast against the side of Kebnekaise and all the trees trembled. Only then did Og yearn for the land of his people and think of the task before him.

Now as Og sat upon a stone, weary with his troubled thoughts, a small voice spoke to him, "I will help you, Little Brother. Put your ear down and let me whisper to you."

Og lowered his head to learn the words of wisdom of the young fox. The fox said, "Go to the deer on the other side of the mountain. They are in trouble. Perhaps you can help them."

So Og sought the deer and heard the tale of a monstrous bear who slept in the mountain by day, and by night, each night, carried off a deer. The deer said, "He comes at night and strikes us down. Save us, Og, and we will work for you."

Og thought, "A mountain of a bear. What can I do?"

But that night Og stayed with the deer, and in the stillness of the midnight when the pole star shone but dimly on Kebnekaise, Og watched and thought he saw the mountain move, so huge was this bear which came silently out of the night. And Og looked from such a bear as he had never dreamed of, to the smallness of his bow and the slenderness of his arrows and knew in his heart that not even all of the mightiest of the men of Nor would be a match for such a beast.

But the bear moved forward and the cries of the hunted deer rang in Og's ears. Then Og forgot his small size and weak weapons, and thought only of the helpless deer, and shouted at the bear.

The bear turned from the deer to Og and came upon him. Facing the bear, Og knelt like a true hunter of Nor and shot his arrows straight and true. But the arrows from Og's bow merely bounded off the bear's hard head. When Og had but two arrows left, he waited. The bear was



*The arrows went true to their mark*

upon him, his great black mouth flashing spikes of teeth as long as the fingers of a grown man. As Og felt the hot breath of the bear upon his face, he shot his last arrows straight at the small blazing eyes. And the arrows went true to their mark. Quickly Og fell sideways to escape being crushed, and the bear rushed blindly by him and in his great rage he rushed onward, up, higher and higher, straight to the very top of Mt. Kebnekaise.

In the morning, Og found the body of the bear beneath the summit of Mt. Kebnekaise from whence it had fallen and been crushed. Og was happy that the deer were free, but sad because his father and the people of Nor would never see this great bear that he had killed. Then the deer said, "You have saved us, Og. Now make for each a rein from the skin of the gray wolves. We are many and strong, and will pull the bear over the new snow to the land of your people."

So Og worked by day and by night and never slept, and made for each deer a strong thong from wolf skin. And when there were a hundred

thongs the deer were harnessed to the body of the bear.

Now during these long, dark days in the land of Nor there was no talk of Og, who was thought dead or lost. Then one morning when there was but little light and all the land was still, the people of Nor heard strange sounds that rang out sharply in the clear, frosty air—clickty-click, clickty-click, clickty-click. And as the noise grew louder and nearer, all the people of Nor came from their lodges into the cold day. And before their eyes, large in wonder, was this strangest of sights—so strange that many were frightened and hunters ran for their spears. For here, almost in their midst, was a great herd of deer—more than they had ever seen. And as the

deer ran forward, the tendons of their legs going “clickty-click,” the people of Nor looked upon a larger bear than they had ever dreamed of. Thus Og came again to the land of his people.

So Og was proclaimed the greatest hunter of all time, in all the land. And throughout long winter days and nights, and for many years after, all the people of Nor wondered at the mighty thing that Og had done.

The deer stayed with Og and never wandered away from the land of Nor. And they came to be called “reindeer” because of the way they were harnessed to the bear. And so began the real history of the people of Nor, which is now called Lapland.

## Silk Stories

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

MORE than three thousand years ago in springtime in the land of China, a tiny worm, dressed in soft black silk, hatched from an egg no bigger than a pin-head.

An inch is eight times longer than she was when first she took a taste of a mulberry leaf and liked it. She ate so much that she grew to be an inch longer in a week.

She outgrew her black silken baby coat in no time; so she stopped eating long enough to split the garment and worm herself out of it head first. Then she found herself wearing a new one, lighter in color. By the time she was about thirty days old she had changed her coat four times and had grown to be more than three inches long. Each new coat was lighter in color, until at last she came out in white. When she lost her appetite and began to feel restless and uncomfortable, she spun herself a blanket and went to sleep.

From two openings under the silkworm's jaw, liquid silk came out and turned into a silken thread that hardened in the air. The silkworm fastened a line of this thread to a twig, then doubled herself backward in the shape of a horse-shoe, and began spinning a cocoon around her body. With her head going in swift circles, she worked five or six hours spinning the outside of her cocoon: but it was many more hours before she had finished weaving her blanket.

By that time, however, she was no longer a worm, but had changed her clothes again, and now she was turned into a chrysalis. At the end of two weeks she became a moth.

Really, that long ago day in China when a Chi-

nese gentleman arrived just as she was waking from her sleep, she was not a beautiful moth, but an ugly one. But when the gentleman examined her deserted cocoon he was so delighted with the strong, beautiful silk thread she had spun around and around herself, that he opened other cocoons, and as he found them all alike, he ran to tell his friends about his discovery.

Perhaps centuries passed before silkworms finally stepped into history. About 1700 B. C., the third Emperor of China talked with his young wife about silkworms.

The Empress, who was only fourteen years old, agreed with him that a way might be found to unwind the silken thread of cocoons, and weave it into fabric. She found the way to do this, and became known as “The Goddess of the Silkworm.” Thus it came about that later emperors wore costly garments of silk, and in the palace, high-born ladies of China were gladly feeding mulberry leaves to silkworms, and caring for their silken cocoons. In this manner, a great industry was started.

In time, the Persians began buying silk from China, and the rest of the world bought silk from the Persians. For more than a thousand years China kept secret the origin of the beautiful fabric. Death was the penalty threatened for betraying the least secret of The Goddess of the Silkworm. For centuries no one in Europe knew nor guessed that silk thread was spun by a worm.

About two thousand years after China had begun weaving gorgeous garments of silk, the secret was carried to Japan; and according to legend, India learned the truth at about the same

time, when an Indian prince married a Chinese princess.

Some centuries later, two Persian monks who had lived in China, told an emperor at Rome all they had learned about silk culture. When he asked them to go back to China and get some silkworms, they obeyed him, although at the risk of their lives.

In the year 555 A. D., the monks returned, and they brought into Europe all the silkworm eggs they had been able to pack away in their hollow pilgrim staffs. Thus began the culture of silkworms and the making of silk in Europe, although for hundreds of years, even in Europe, those concerned in the silk industry, kept their secrets from all others.

Spain, Italy, France, and England, were producing silk, when a few years after Jamestown was settled, in 1607, the world began smoking Virginia tobacco. It happened that James I, King of England, hated tobacco. Therefore, in 1622, he decided that silk culture must take the place of the growing tobacco industry in America, and that Virginia should become the leading silk producing country of the world. Every colonist was obliged "to cultivate ten mulberry trees for every one hundred acres of his estate." If he didn't, he had to pay a fine of ten pounds of tobacco. Silkworms were sent to Virginia in charge of experts who taught the colonists how to care for them. To this day, gnarled old mulberry trees of long ago ancestry still are growing at Jamestown, Yorktown, and Williamsburg.

They tell us that Virginia did export some raw silk to London, and that Charles II wore a garment woven from American silk; but tobacco was the cargo that continued to fill all ships bound for England.

The next we hear of silk raising in America, concerns the founding of Georgia. Governor



*Feeding the silk worms, and (below) unwinding the thread from the cocoons*

Oglethorpe believed that his poor colonists might become rich through the culture of silkworms and the export of raw silk to England. The mulberry trees grew and thrived in Georgia, and the hungry silkworms ate the leaves and then went to sleep in perfect cocoons, and raw silk was exported and manufactured into true English silk. But, although it was exported from one corner of Georgia until the American Revolution, yet the silkworm in Georgia had to give up in favor of rice and cotton.

Just before the Revolutionary War, mulberry trees and the eggs of silkworms were imported



into Connecticut, where the silkworm industry became practically self-supporting. An old-time writer says, "We find instances, occasionally, . . . of some delegate to the Colonial Assembly coming thither with a silk waistcoat or handkerchiefs made from silk of his own raising and woven in his own house; or of some grand lady appearing at a reception of the Colonial Governors or in a public assembly clad in a gown woven from native grown silk. In either case, the fabrics were greatly praised."

It is said that the reason silk culture continued in Connecticut during the American Revolution and afterwards, was because the silk was kept for home use in our own mills.

In 1826 Congress became interested. After that, government bulletins favoring silk culture were sent out and soon the possibility of silk culture in the United States was the talk of the nation.

Now it happened that Mr. Jonathan Cobb of Massachusetts had grown so much silk in his own home state, that the Massachusetts House of Representatives asked him to write a book on silk culture. He did, and it became a best seller. The United States Congress bought two thousand copies to send out.

It was an interesting book, too. At candle-lighting time, fathers read aloud to their families, "In what way can a farmer remote from a seaport town, acquire so much with so little capital and labor in about five weeks' time?"

Mr. Cobb suggested that poor-farms should be planted with mulberry trees, and also the public highways. Then, not satisfied with the idea of making the town poor self-supporting, he suggested a way to make school children earn their bread and butter and books. Said he:

"May I be permitted to address the inhabitants of every school district," and then, without waiting for permission, he insisted that two or three acres of mulberry trees should be planted around every schoolhouse. Also near each schoolhouse a floorless shed sixteen feet long, twelve feet wide, and nine feet high, must be built to house one hundred thousand worms. Then, between hours of study, the children and their teachers, too, should be compelled to pick the leaves and feed the worms. It would require more than a ton of leaves to feed the wormy army, and never mind whether the children and teachers were fond of worms or not. And goodbye to "Ring Around a-Rosy" and "Blind Man's Buff!"

Mr. Cobb ended his appeal for more and better silkworms around schoolhouses as an aid to silk culture in the United States of America, with

these words: "What more do you want but faith and resolution?"

Hard telling what troubles might have been in store for the school boys and girls by this time, when the idea of silk culture was snaring the imagination of our countrymen, if something more diverting had not left the pupils to study their multiplication tables in peace.

A new mulberry tree was brought to America from China, and in the mad scramble to get, plant, and sell this tree, the silkworm herself was forgotten. Soon the leaves of this new tree became too precious to be fed to silkworms, for the price of the tree was more than the value of all the raw silk that silkworms might have produced from the leaves.

At the end of about ten years, the new mulberry trees were growing everywhere in our land, and then suddenly, with millions of trees for sale, no one would buy, and the trees could not be given away. Fortunes were lost. One unlucky nurseryman had ordered eighty thousand dollars' worth of trees from France, but before he had received them they were worthless.

Even then, those who had planted trees on their own estates, might have remembered that in China, silkworms fed on these trees, and were in the habit of spinning silk; but they, too, were overtaken by disaster. They could not go into silk culture because their trees died from a disease and from cold. Freezing weather killed ten thousand trees for one Connecticut planter.

Sadly enough, Mr. Jonathan Cobb, who had wished to make school children feed silkworms at recess, lost all his earthly possessions when American silk culture met its doom.

America is a land of machines, and silk culture requires hand labor. Therefore the silk manufacturers of our country import raw silk from the Orient, where dense populations provide cheap labor. In a little book published by The Japan Society of America, we read that raw silk is of such value that "every effort is made to speed shipments across the Pacific and the United States. Transcontinental railroads in the United States give silk the right of way over everything else. It is rushed on a railroad train and speeded across the continent, reaching New York much in advance of the arrival of mail, passengers, or express, that come on the same steamer." The raw silk is heavily insured, and every hour that can be cut off its trip across the continent means a saving.

Although our silk mills are world famous, it is believed that an old-time botanist was right when he advised Uncle Sam to leave silk culture to other lands than ours.



# The Conquest of "Yellow Jack"

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Illustrations by courtesy of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.



Walter Reed

**B**EFORE the first frost in 1793, "yellow jack" had killed four thousand people in Philadelphia, one-tenth of the city's population. No one knew what had caused the pestilence; a case had been reported one day that summer, and instantly the townspeople were in a panic.

In coaches or wagons, on horseback or afoot, many citizens fled to the country, only to be driven away from villages where they sought shelter. All places of business closed and if one man met another on the street he would immediately cross to the other side. Overnight the city, the rich and prosperous capital of the nation, became a haunted place, beset by fear of this mysterious "yellow jack" which afflicted equally those in clean houses and those in dirty cabins. Bonfires were lighted and cannon fired with the idea of purifying the air. Those who went outdoors held bottles of camphor or vinegar to their noses, or chewed garlic, and women as well as men continually smoked cigars, thinking that in this way they could keep the deadly pestilence away.

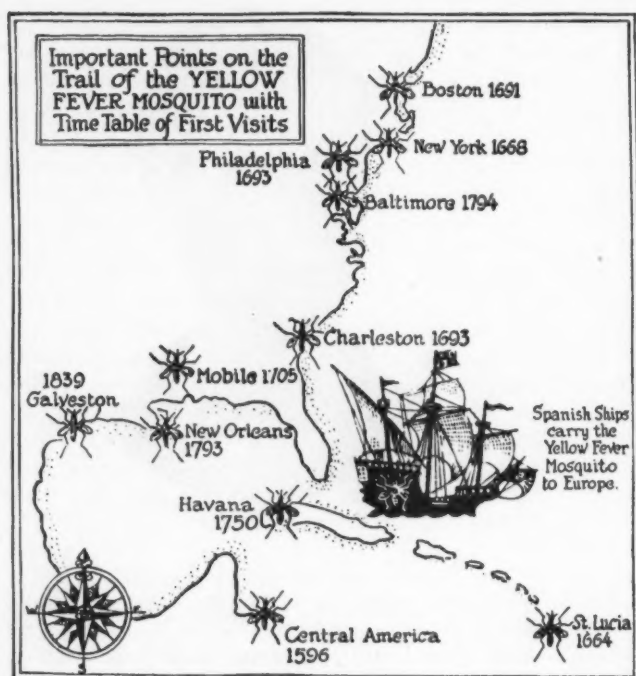
Physicians were completely baffled; some hazarded the guess that the plague was caused by the action of the Gulf Stream, others said it might come from eating apples, while still others thought it might have been bred in some cargoes of coffee rotting on the river docks. The celebrated Dr. Benjamin Rush declared that in his opinion the malady was not contagious, and, without connecting pestilence with pest, noted in his diary that "moschetoes" were very numerous in Philadelphia that summer. Then came the first frost, and "yellow jack" vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

Summer after summer it kept on coming to North American seaports, and in 1878 there were more than 100,000 cases and 20,000 deaths from "yellow jack" in the United States. Scientists believed that it came in ships from the American tropics, and pointed out that yellow fever was unknown in Europe before the Spanish galleons sailed home from the West Indies and the Isthmus of Panama.

It seemed, moreover, to lie in wait for strangers in those hot countries, as the natives were generally immune to its attack. The Spaniards had found it a relentless foe in the island of Cuba, and during the Spanish-American War of 1898, the United States armies lost more lives to "yellow jack" than to the enemy's bullets. After that war, however, most of the foreign soldiers left the island and yellow fever ceased to rage, although the city of Havana was a hotbed of other diseases. Dr. William C. Gorgas, who was put in charge of sanitation, thought, as did many others, that "yellow jack" was caused by filth, and set about to give Havana a good scrubbing and a hygienic bath.

He scrubbed and burned and disinfected until Havana became one of the model cities of the world; so attractive that in 1900 more than 25,000 strangers came there to live. Scarcely had they landed, however, when "yellow jack" sprang upon them; in a trice the spotless city was ravaged by the plague. Modern methods of sanitation had not destroyed the ancient enemy, and Dr. Gorgas was as completely baffled as Dr. Rush had been in Philadelphia a century earlier.

As in Philadelphia in 1793, so now in Havana



many strange theories were suggested as to the cause of the pestilence, and people thought one of the strangest of these was that of a physician of the city, Dr. Carlos J. Finlay. Frequently he had explained his ideas to his fellow Cubans and to American officials, but many of them had laughed at him, and all had shrugged their shoulders in skeptical disbelief. He was a crank with a hobby, they said; for he held the extraordinary notion that "yellow jack" was caused by the bite of an infected mosquito!

He went farther than that; he actually declared that he had picked out from about eight hundred varieties of mosquitoes the particular one that caused the disease, the *Stegomyia* mosquito. This variety, he had found, was always very numerous where yellow fever raged. Day in and day out he preached his theory, but always to deaf ears. The epidemic kept on spreading, however, and finally Major Walter Reed and the other members of the American Yellow Fever Commission went to his laboratory and heard him explain the tests he had made.

Dr. Finlay showed them some small black oval-shaped objects. "Those," said he, "are the eggs of the mosquito that breeds yellow fever."

Positive though the speaker was, his audience was not convinced. But any experiment was worth trying in such a situation, and therefore Dr. James Carroll and Dr. Jesse W. Lazear allowed themselves to be bitten by some *Stegomyia*

mosquitoes that had recently fed on yellow fever patients.

Neither of the volunteers was made ill. Dr. Finlay's theory was incorrect, the experimenters said, ignorant of the fact that the germs the mosquito sucks from a yellow fever patient must be allowed a period of incubation inside the insect before it can infect those it afterwards stings.

The volunteers repeated the experiment, and this time with startling and tragic results. Dr. Carroll, bitten by a *Stegomyia*, developed yellow fever, finally recovered; Dr. Lazear, however, having allowed an infected mosquito to light on his hand and suck his blood, died in a little more than a week, a heroic martyr of the war with "yellow jack."

There was no lack of brave volunteers for the crusade that now began. American soldiers permitted themselves to be placed in rooms that contained germ-filled *Stegomyia* mos-

quitoes and fell ill with yellow fever, though fortunately all recovered; others, put in rooms that held only non-infected insects, had no trace of the disease.

Then Dr. Reed made another experiment: a number of volunteers spent twenty days and nights in a room filled with the clothing of yellow fever patients, and slept on their beds. When none of these became ill, it was successfully demonstrated that the pestilence was not carried by clothing or bedding. And so the *Stegomyia* mosquito was proved at long last to be the carrier, and the only carrier, of "yellow jack."

It was proven also that in order to become an infection-carrier, this mosquito must have bitten a yellow fever patient sometime during the first three days of his illness; after that for ten days or two weeks the insect was harmless; but following that period it became deadly poisonous to those it stung.

Dr. Finlay's theory was right, after all; but now people asked, how in the world could Havana be cleared of these pestilential insects that swarmed everywhere in the city? The idea of exterminating them was absurd on the face of it. "Well," said Dr. Gorgas, squaring his shoulders for the job, "perhaps we can't do it, but at least we shall try."

All mosquitoes lay their eggs in water, but it had been discovered that the yellow fever variety

chooses water in or near a house inhabited by men and prefers an artificial container for its eggs. Therefore Dr. Gorgas made a survey of every dwelling in Havana, listing each barrel, tank, or jug of water, and ordered his inspectors to pour a layer of kerosene on all these. The oil would float on top and would not destroy the usefulness of the water for drinking or washing, but it would destroy the mosquitoes' eggs. The kerosene, however, would gradually evaporate; therefore in order to prevent the insects from laying more eggs, every barrel and tank was covered with boards, leaving a hole sufficiently large for rain and water to enter, and over this hole was stretched wire with so fine a mesh that not even the smallest mosquito could wriggle through.

Carefully though the inspectors searched, some water-containers escaped their eyes. One day a man told Dr. Gorgas that he had emptied everything holding water in his house, but the place was still full of mosquitoes. An inspector was sent. He hunted high and low and was about to give up defeated when he saw a box of books standing in a corner. Surely there couldn't be a breeding-place there. Nevertheless he unpacked the box and discovered at the bottom a small paint tin half filled with water. The *Stegomyia* had wriggled between the books and laid its eggs in the paint tin, and there the larvae had hatched and turned into mosquitoes.

In ninety days after General Gorgas had started his crusade there wasn't a single case of "yellow jack" in Havana. The riddle of centuries had been solved: the mosquito was the villain.

The scene then shifted from Cuba to the Isthmus of Panama, where men had been talking for years of linking the two oceans by a canal. To cross that forty-mile strip of land hordes of adventurers had set out from Chagres in the gold rush of '49. Many of these had fought their way through mud and jungle in the broiling sun, continually eyed by hungry buzzards, only to fall victims to "yellow jack," for clouds of mosquitoes barred every foot of the trail. Then men from the north started to build a railroad, and slept every night on a crowded ship in order to avoid the insects that would not allow any white man to work unless he wore a veil and gloves.

Frenchmen, headed by Ferdinand de Lesseps, built the Suez Canal through sandy soil and shallow lakes, and thought they could as easily cut a waterway through the American isthmus. They reckoned without the mosquitoes, and "yellow jack" took 20,000 lives in eight years. No one noticed the mosquito eggs that lay in the

pans of water used to keep ants from climbing the legs of cots in the hospitals at Panama City and Colon. When they had lost a third of the workmen they had brought in, the French gave up the struggle. In 1904, the United States grappled with the task.

American engineers declared they could build a canal if—and only if—"yellow jack" could be destroyed. Dr. Gorgas had driven the poisonous mosquito from Havana; so now he was sent to the Isthmus on a new and even more difficult crusade. When he arrived in March, 1904, there were no yellow fever cases in the Canal Zone. But the population consisted almost entirely of natives, and he felt sure that "yellow jack" would bare its fangs as soon as the first white strangers began to land.

He made his survey and listed every water-container. Yet, even now, in spite of the lesson of Havana, there were many people—and some of them in high positions—who were not convinced that the origin of yellow fever lay in fresh rain water that had fallen from the sky.

Dr. Gorgas patiently explained, and was still explaining when the dread pestilence broke out among the officers and crew of the cruiser, *Boston*. Then the hunt was on. The ship was searched from bow to stern, and finally a dishpan of water without a cover was found standing outside the galley. The water—full of mosquitoes' eggs—was emptied over the rail, the ship was fumigated to destroy all insects on the wing, and there were no more cases of "yellow jack" aboard the *Boston*.

Every dwelling in the Canal Zone was combed for breeding-places; every barrel, cistern, pitcher, pan, was covered with kerosene and screened with fine-mesh netting. Mosquitoes, driven from houses and yards, took refuge in rain gutters and even in the rain-filled cup-like leaves of trees that stood near dwellings. The enemy was already hard pressed when the hunters adopted a new plan: they set traps so that the insects might destroy themselves. Outside houses they placed large tubs filled with clean, tempting water. In these the mosquitoes eagerly lighted and laid their eggs. The hunters then poured out the water, destroyed the eggs, and filled the tubs again. This went on until there were no full-grown mosquitoes left to lay eggs and the race of *Stegomyia* was completely extinguished in the Canal Zone.

The last case of yellow fever there was in September, 1906. "And that's the last case you will ever see," Dr. Gorgas said to his fellow-workers. "There will never be any more deaths from this cause in Panama." He was right.



# Games Throughout the World

**I**F A CHILD got hold of the real Seven League Boots and wandered in them from dawn to sunset, he would find that he could everywhere join in the games going on. On the other side of the world, the boys and girls from Japan also play "tailor lend me the scissors," only they call it "the demon and the homes of truth." And the Chinese boys and girls play "blind man's buff"; its name there is "call your chickens home." In Germany children enjoy playing "golden bridge"; every American or English child could join in the game for "golden bridge" is just the same as "London bridge." Deep in Africa the children play a game called "The Owl and the Wolf" which is nothing but our "hide and seek."

Of course the child with the Seven League Boots would also see games he never heard of, which are as merry as his own, or even merrier. Here are some of them:

## CUT THE OATS: A NORWEGIAN GAME

The children—it must be an uneven number—form a circle and link their hands. One child stands in the middle of the circle. The children go round singing: "Cut, cut the oats, and make the sheaves. My love knows how to do it, where shall I find her? I saw her last night when the full moon was shining, I take mine, you take yours and one remains behind."

At the words "I take mine, you take yours," the hands are unlinked, and each child rushes towards another one. The one who remains alone must stand in the middle the next time.

## STONE GAME: A GREEK GAME

The children stand in line, with their hands folded in front of them. A child, called the "guide," goes from person to person pretending to drop a stone into the folded hands. When he does drop the stone, the child receiving it runs as quickly as possible to a certain tree and back again and returns the stone to the guide. The other children chase him and the one who catches him before he safely delivers the stone is the guide in the next game. If the child succeeds in returning the stone before he is caught, he is allowed to keep it and act as guide the next time.

## THE TIGER TRAP: A CHINESE GAME

One child is the tiger and another the lamb.

The others join hands and form a circle about the tiger who tries to escape from the trap and catch the lamb before the latter has succeeded in running five or six times around the circle. The lamb keeps his part until caught when it is taken by the successful tiger. The tiger is given only one try to catch him, and if unsuccessful, goes back to the circle and the next child becomes the tiger.

—Austrian Junior Red Cross Magazine

## ARITHMETIC GAME

M. Grigoris

If you are giving a party and get tired of running games, sit down at a table with your guests.

Write on a bit of paper the number 1089, without letting your guests see it, put the paper in an envelope, close it and present it to one of the company.

Then ask one of the guests to write a number of three figures in which the first and last figures must not be the same. For instance, the guest will write 815.

Then tell him to write the same number backwards. That will be 518. Let us subtract the smaller number from the greater:  $815 - 518 = 297$ . Now let us again write the number obtained backwards. We shall have 792. Let us add the last numbers:  $297 + 792 = 1089$ .

Then ask the person holding the envelope to open it. The same number, 1089, will be found written on the paper.

Do not repeat the game on the same day, for your guests may notice that, proceeding in the above manner with any three-figured number, we shall always obtain 1089.

—Lithuanian Junior Red Cross Magazine

*Games prepared by the Physical Education Department of McGill University, for the Canadian Junior Red Cross:*

## MR. GALLAGHER AND MR. SHEAN

Children in circle facing center, one player standing outside circle; have a mattress in middle of circle. Outside player walks round, taps another child on back—offers hand, saying loudly, "Good morning, Mr. Gallagher"; the other replies, shaking hands, "Good morning, Mr. Shean." Mr. Shean then names a contest—for instance, "You can't turn a somersault on that



mat and get back here before I can." The other replies, "Yes, I can"; then both run to center, do stunt and return, the one back first goes outside the circle. Continue till all have had a run.

#### CIRCLE RELAY

Several teams, each in single file, radiating like spokes of a wheel, all turned to center. At signal to start, each player on outside runs to right around outside and back to place, touching next player in front, then taking place in center in front of his team, others moving back. Continue till all have run, and last runner takes his original place in front. The first one to do this, wins.

#### STRIDE BALL

Teams in single file, with feet wide apart. Two

balls of any size—if no balls obtainable use beanbags or tie paper into balls. Leader of each team has ball. At "Play" leader rolls ball between feet to back where last player picks it up, runs to front and sends it to back again. Continue till all have thrown—first team finished wins.

#### THIRD MAN OUT

Choose a chaser and a runner. All others stand around anywhere in threes, facing each other, with both hands joined. The chaser starts after the runner; if he tags him, then change places. The runner, however, tries before being tagged to get to a circle and break two hands apart. The player opposite the break becomes the runner and gets away quickly.

## Ice Free

VIRGINIA LEFFINGWELL

Illustrations by Edna Potter

### "ICE FREE!"

Petra bounced in through the front door, her sandy hair awry, her face vivid with excitement. She ran to the sitting-room and called in: "Ice Free" . . . but found nobody there and raced upstairs to her mother's bedroom.

"Ice Free! Ice Free!"

Her mother, who had been resting on the bed, sat up with some alarm.

"What's the matter?" she asked anxiously. "What *ever* is the matter?"

Petra pounced on the bed and bumped up and down on it.

"Ice Free!" she cried. "Isn't that fine?"

Petra and her friends had been eagerly watching for signs of ice all winter. Last year the whole of the Netherlands had enjoyed three glorious weeks of ice-skating, but the year before it had only frozen for a few days and some years there had been no ice at all. "We must have ice!" the girls said to each other. "We must wish very hard." But you never knew just how it was going to turn out. Every night Petra had put a little tin of water on the window sill and



the first thing she did in the morning was to run over and see whether or not it had frozen. If so, she knew that a joyous holiday would be called by schools and offices so that everyone would be able to take advantage of the ice. Then the canals would become alive with brightly attired figures . . .

vivid scarfs, gay caps, happy faces . . . gliding up and down, skimming along to the waltz time of amplified music and the gentle scraping of metal on ice. Last year Petra's brother, Jan, had skated with some young friends for miles, passing through several towns. Petra hoped that one day she would be able to do as well. Once her mother had taken her to the Zuider Zee where she had seen the peasants of Marken shooting along the ice with their skates strapped to stockinged feet and carrying their wooden shoes in their hands! Petra had made a secret decision to try it soon on the little pond behind their house when nobody was around.

Every morning this winter, however, when Petra had tested the little tin of water on the window sill, it had still rippled. Once or twice



*She had seen the peasants of Marken skating and holding their wooden shoes in their hands*

her hopes had been raised by a thin crust of ice on top, but this had melted quickly away and she had disconsolately gone about her usual preparations for school. But it was only the end of January, and everyone kept on hoping as hard as they could.

Then one day, during class, the teacher said: "I have news for you. The temperature suddenly dropped this morning and the canals have frozen. You may all have ice free!"

Everyone jumped up with shrieks of glee, and close friends immediately huddled together and made appointments to meet on the ice. Petra and her best friends, Hilda and Liesbette, decided to meet at the canal by the big skating rink (a tennis court which had been flooded for ice) so that they could hear the music from the loud speaker. You couldn't go to this big rink unless you were a member of a certain club, but it was just as much fun on the canal and the music could be clearly heard. They settled upon two o'clock to meet, and raced home to get out their skates and their bright-colored sweaters and scarfs.

Petra had been saving the blue and yellow set she had received for St. Nicholas Day, and now she brought it out of its neat box with much pride. There was the blue sweater with the yellow stars in it, with a cap and scarf to match. Petra put them on very quickly and took a good look in the mirror. Very nice, she decided . . . very, very nice. Then she fished her skates out of the hall closet and hurried down stairs. Her mother called to her, "Petra, where are you going? Lunch is ready!"

Petra turned with some dismay. She had com-

pletely forgotten about lunch! She glanced at the clock. Only one o'clock! A whole hour more! Why hadn't they made the appointment earlier?

Her brother Jan was home for lunch. He was five years older than she . . . nearly sixteen . . . and whatever he had to say seemed vitally important to her. He was tall and had big hands, and he spoke to her in a protective sort of way that made

her love him very much. Everything he did was masterful and definite. Even the way he sliced his cheese and laid it on big pieces of bread, suggested untold decision in great matters.

He had just taken a bite (with knife and fork) when he suddenly noticed Petra's outfit.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "You certainly look beautiful in those things!"

Petra said she was glad he thought so, and was he going skating, too?

"Of course," he said. "What a silly question!"

"Why not go with us?" asked Petra eagerly. "It would be such fun!"

"Very well," agreed Jan, "if you like."

"You might teach her something about skating," said their mother.

Petra looked doubtful.

"I can skate pretty well," she said.

"Well, I'll show you how to skate better," Jan assured her confidently.

A lot of people were already skating when they met Hilda and Liesbette and the music from the tennis court rink was almost drowned out by the jabber of excited voices. The ice was somewhat rough but several ruddy men in big sweaters kept the ice-dust brushed away with long, stiff brooms. Petra had brought some one-cent pieces along, and every time a sweeper made a special brush in front of her she would give him one. He would always grin and thank her warmly, and very soon she had given all her money away. The other girls brought one-cent pieces for the sweepers, too, for without them skating would be very difficult.

The three girls put on their skates and took

hands. The ice was bumpy and their ankles wobbled, but gradually they gained more confidence, and soon were fairly sure of their balance. Jan shot along rapidly. Once in a while he would dash ahead and perform some fancy skating steps. Petra was proud of him. He could skate backwards, sometimes on one foot. Also, he could suddenly change his direction with no trouble at all, which usually frightened whoever happened to be near him at the time. Sometimes he would pounce up from behind, grabbing the three girls by the shoulders so that they nearly fell. Then he would laugh at their screams and streak past them. Petra always scolded him severely as she could, but actually his pranks delighted her. She felt very pleased that this boy, of whom everyone was a little frightened (and who, she felt certain, everyone admired greatly) should be her brother.

There was a little booth on the ice where Jan bought them hot chocolate. He had a regular weekly allowance and he was generous with it. He always brought Petra something, perhaps a bar of chocolate or a pretty postcard, and this day he treated her friends as well. They all giggled over their chocolate and chattered. When they had finished drinking, Jan said in a low, mysterious voice, "Now, watch! I'll show you something!"

Then he ordered another cup of chocolate, and before anyone could stop him, scooted out onto the ice and raced down the canal holding the cup before him. The man at the stand yelled at him and Petra called, "Jan! Come back!" But he paid no attention. Everyone on the ice turned to see him coming and scurried hastily out of the way. Petra tried to call him louder, but she and Hilda and Liesbette were laughing so hard that she couldn't form the words. How daring! thought Petra.

A path was quickly cleared for Jan as he shot gaily down the canal, around and back. No one wanted to risk a collision! When Jan realized the attention he

was receiving, he decided to make the best of it and began skating as near as he could to all the girls. He would aim right for them and then, when he was nearly upon them and they were shrieking helplessly, he would suddenly change his direction. Once he came so near to two girls that they deliberately sat down on the ice. Jan had not expected to cause such a sensation and he began to show off with as much flash as possible. Then a large man, looking very grim and determined, set out on the ice.

"He's going to do something to Jan," Petra shrieked. "Jan! Look out! Look out!"

Jan was coming towards them now, swooping along with great ease, the cup of chocolate still in his hands. When he saw the large, stern man heading towards him, he slowed up undecidedly. Obviously, if he stopped suddenly he might spill the chocolate and spoil his act. So Jan speeded up again, evidently intending to out-skate the man. Nearer and nearer they came, until they were a mere foot from each other. Jan swooped to the left . . . and the next thing they knew, both were lying face-down on the ice. The man seemed very angry until he suddenly caught sight of the boy's face . . . dripping with chocolate. Everyone was laughing so hard that the man began to laugh, too. Jan, looking a bit silly, got up and skated over to the girls.

"Oh Jan!" cried Petra. "You do look so funny!" Jan smiled weakly and sat down on a bench while he wiped his face.

"I wouldn't mind so much," he said, "but the chocolate didn't have any sugar in it!"



*He raced down the canal holding the cup*

# AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

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## REAL THRIFT AND THE SERVICE FUND

THIS month schools all over the country are observing Thrift Week and the birthday of thrifty old Benjamin Franklin. Too many people think of thrift as just saving money. But that isn't real thrift. Real thrift is spending wisely, getting value for your money, and putting your money to the best uses.

Junior Red Cross members have a chance to exercise thrift in the spending of their Service Fund, so that it will do the most for others and do it in the best way. This fund has been raised by Juniors; so that the way it is to be expended ought to be decided upon by Juniors, we think. And in deciding on the use of the Service Fund, always keep in mind the fact that you belong to a world-wide organization and set aside something, even if it is only a little, for the National Children's Fund.

Then you will feel that truly Juniors are members one of another throughout the United States and around the world.

Notice the account of how the N. C. F. is spent and see how far it has been made to go. Let us know whether or not you think your money has been wisely and thriftily laid out. Maybe you can tell us, too, of other national or international projects that you think it would be fun to have a part in through the National Children's Fund.

Every Junior member has a right to feel proud

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of that Fund, and must be interested in all it has done in the past seventeen years.

## NURSERY RHYME—1936

MARY had a little cold, but wouldn't stay at home,

And everywhere that Mary went, that cold was sure to roam;

It wandered into Molly's eyes and filled them full of tears.

It jumped from there to Bobby's nose, and thence to Jimmie's ears.

It painted Anna's throat bright red, and swelled poor Jennie's head;

Dora had a fever, and a cough put Jack to bed. The moral of this little tale is very quickly said—

Mary could have saved a lot of pain with just one day in bed.

—Arkansas Democrat

## THE PROGRAM PICTURE

THESE are Igorot girls winding wool for the looms in a school at Baguio in the Philippines. They love bright colors in stripes and checks, and most of their clothes are woven by themselves. In their home village they live in huts thatched with grass.

As kitchen utensils there are perhaps a few earthen vessels and a copper pot. There is no furniture, and the beds are mats of braided straw. Wooden ladles, carved gourds, and coconut shells are treasured things.

Igorot means "Mountain People" and the Igorots have lived in the mountains for centuries, ever since they were driven up there from the coast lands by more warlike tribes. The sides of the deep valleys below their villages are terraced and planted with rice, which must be kept watered by irrigation ditches. That is because the trees have long ago been cut away to make space for gardens.

Now when an Igorot boy goes home from school he promises to plant at least one tree in his village.

Among other things the girls at the school learn to weave and sew.—A. M. U.

A POOR man once stood enjoying the smell of sweets displayed in a stall. After a while the sweetmeat seller said, "You have been smelling my good things, pay for the enjoyment you have had. I do not work to provide you with pleasure for nothing." The poor man was perplexed. But another man standing by said to him, "Rattle two coins together and let the noise repay him for the smell of his food."

—In an album from India



# Something to Read

## HONK THE MOOSE

Phil Stong: Dodd, Mead & Co.: \$2.00

(Ages 6 to 10)

**W**HAT do you do with a moose? That was what Ivar and his friend Waino wanted to know, and so did Ivar's father when he came home and found a moose in his livery stable.

It was a very cold winter in Minnesota. The two boys had been out hunting one day with their air guns. On the way home they stopped at the livery stable, and there was a moose in one of the stalls along with the horses, eating about a ton of expensive hay. As soon as Ivar saw the moose, he quickly shut the door to the stalls, and that left him and Waino shut up in the office.

"They sat for a long time and said nothing, but Ivar was thinking all the time. The more he thought, the more he began to get mad, and then he began to get madder and madder. When a Finn gets mad, he doesn't do a halfway job. First he gets madder than a Chinaman; then he works up through the Italians and the French and on to the English and the Germans, and *then* to the Irish—and when he is madder than a mad Norwegian, he knows that he is a real Suomi." That is a brave Finn. So Ivar went out to teach the moose a lesson.

But the moose was very sad. He had hardly had a thing to eat that winter, so he merely gazed at Ivar with eyes like two cups of beef broth, and honked sadly. Then he went to sleep on the hay.

When Ivar's father saw the moose in his stable, he didn't have the slightest idea what to do with him. They tried to wake Honk up (that was what Ivar called him), but he refused to move. "I wish I was mean enough to stick him with a pitchfork," Ivar's father said unhappily. But he was one of the most soft-hearted men in Birora, and he couldn't bear to hurt Honk. "All right," he said firmly. "Ivar, you go for the policeman."

What happened then, and what happened the next year are just as interesting as the discovery of Honk.

## SIDSEL LONGSKIRT AND SOLVE SUNTRAP— TWO CHILDREN OF NORWAY

Hans Aanrud: John C. Winston Co.: \$2.00

(Ages 8 to 12)

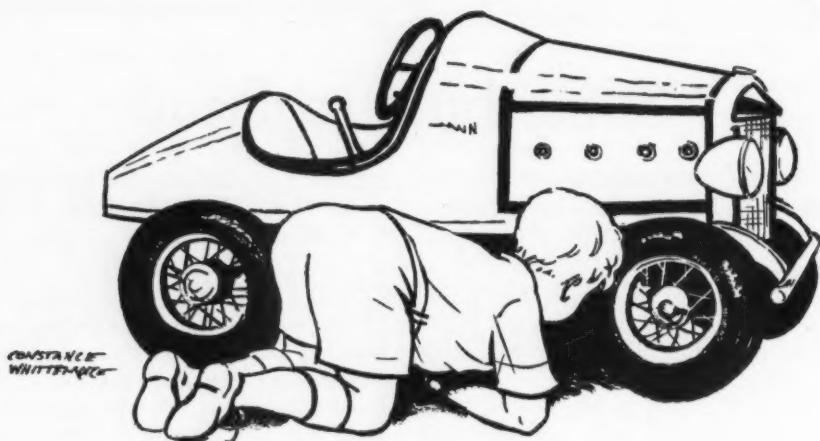
**T**HE first part of this book is about a Norwegian girl, Sidsel Longskirt, and the second about a boy of Norway named Solve Suntrap. Sidsel was nicknamed "Lady Longskirt" by her brother Jacob, when he brought her a new homespun skirt for Christmas, and it came down to her ankles.

Sidsel had a little room under the staircase at the Hoel farm. First thing in the spring, all the cattle were taken far up the mountains where there was good grass for grazing. Sidsel was glad, for it was her job to go to the mountains with the goats, and watch them. There was a little cottage on the mountain top where the girls who watched the flocks could live during the summer. Usually it was rather lonely, but the first day two boys who were herding neighbors' flocks happened to come by. After that they happened to come by almost every day.

Solve Suntrap had heard that the first person to see the sun on Easter morning will see it dance, and he will be lucky for the rest of his life. You can only try it once, and you must have been born on a Sunday. Solve had been born on a Sunday, so he decided to try. He got up very early in the morning, while it was still dark, and walked to the top of a high mountain near his home. When he reached the top, and the sun rose, there was someone else watching, too; but I think Solve was really the first to see the sun, as he was at the highest part of the mountain. It seemed to dance.

When Solve went to Kjelle to live, it was the largest farm he had ever seen. He woke up early the first morning and went downstairs. When the maid came down, she gave a loud scream and rushed back to her mistress, saying that she had seen the house gnome himself, in a red cap, sitting under the home tree. Some old houses in Norway are supposed to have a little gnome living in them, and the maid thought Solve was the gnome. —C. E. W.





*John looked inside his car, but he could find no engine*

## The Cold Engine

MAIRIN CREGAN

Illustrations by Constance Whittemore

JOHN O'DONOVAN was nearly five years old. He lived in a big house in the country with his parents, his brother David who was fifteen, and his sister Nora, who was ten. Now as David said he was much too grown-up to play with Nora, Nora argued that then she also was too grown-up to play with John (except sometimes when she wanted to be the leader in a game), so he was left a good deal to himself. He did not mind this, however, because the O'Donovans had a farm, and every day there was something new and exciting going on. He watched the horses, Captain and Jessie, ploughing, or went with his nurse to feed pet lambs or to bring tea to the men working in the hay fields, and so on. He did not want to join in their grown-up games—except just one. Cycle racing! For David had a bicycle and had won several prizes at sports locally and at school in the cycle racing events. John loved to watch David riding furiously round the sweep of the long avenue from the gate to the house. But

what he enjoyed most of all was the arrival of David's school friends on Saturday afternoon for what they called "trials." These boys would stand round the lawn with watches in their hands, timing David, and then they would do a round on their own bicycles.

John said very little while all this was going on, but he watched and listened for all he was worth.

Then came his fifth birthday and the Great Surprise. Nora had told him he was getting something he would "simply love" but she would not give him any hints. When he came downstairs on his birthday morning he found nothing on his place at table and David said mysteriously, "I think it wouldn't fit in an envelope," and Nora added, "No, not even in a box, I think." Then Mummy said hurriedly, "But it would surely fit in the porch." So they all went out and there in the center of the porch was something covered with a rug. Daddy went over, lifted the rug and behold! a lovely

racing automobile. It was a shiny red with a black steering wheel, silvery headlights, a speedometer, a clock, everything. And the pedals so well concealed that anybody would think it was a real racer that hadn't grown up.

From that day John forgot everything but his racer, as he called it. He rarely now went near the stables, nor did he go to the cow-house at milking time. He lost all interest in Sal's pups and forgot altogether about feeding the rabbits. He even forgot to go look at birds' nests. This was extraordinary, for John's chief interest was in birds. Every day in the spring he watched the birds building, and he knew practically every nest in the trees and hedges near the house and in the garden and farmyard.

While David and Nora were at school all day, he practised speeding round the avenue and timed himself by making Sal, the cocker-spaniel, run beside him.

Now one day John heard David and the other boys talk of engines and David said no car could go really fast unless its engine was kept warm. John looked inside his car, under it, over it, between the wheels, everywhere, but he could find no engine. After two days' worrying about it he went to David.

"David," he asked, "must the engine be warm if the automobile is to go very fast?"

"Of course it must," answered David.

"But, David, where is my engine?"

"Let me see now," said David, and he rubbed his hand down his chin as if he were stroking a beard.

"Oh, yes! I remember now," he went on. "Your engine is *here*." He placed his hand on the top of John's head. "Your *head* is your engine."

"And will I have to put my head into the car?" asked John, feeling rather nervous.

"No," said David. "But when you are steering, let your head *think* about where you are going and you'll get on fine."

John now remembered the airman's helmet in the nursery drawer. This helmet was leather outside and woolly stuff inside, and had flaps for pulling down over your ears. He persuaded Nurse to let him have the helmet. So every time he got into his racer he put the helmet on his head to keep it warm, and off he started. Daddy said he was "as fast as a greyhound." David said, "Gee whiz!" Nora said wickedly, "Indeed, ponies could go much faster than that;" and Mummy smiled admiringly first and then always said, "Oh! Mind, John, mind! You'll hurt yourself."

Then the accident happened, and the strange thing about it was that it was all Mummy's fault!

It was a lovely, sunny day, and while John was speeding round the avenue, Mummy, wearing her wide sun hat, was working at the rose beds. Every time he stopped to look at the worms she was forking up in the clay, she suggested that he should take a rest or go more slowly or take off that silly, heavy helmet. John only laughed and gaily darted off again.

But once when he stopped and said panting, "Oh, I'm nearly dead with warmth," Mummy stood up determinedly, took the helmet right off his head, and kept it beside her.

Shortly after she heard a cry and, looking round, saw John sprawling on the ground and the automobile on its side a few yards away. His poor head was badly cut and bleeding, and when he was bandaged and put to bed he felt quite ill.

He lay there in the cool, darkened nursery and when David crept in and asked him, in a whisper, how it happened, John explained

that his engine got cold without the helmet and so he crashed against the edge of the lawn. David quietly slipped downstairs and told Mummy and then she came up, looking quite sad, and told John how sorry she was and that she never knew about his head being the engine. While she talked she stroked and stroked his head and then a peculiar thing happened. *John began to fly.* Mummy wasn't there; the bed wasn't there; he was flying out in the air.

He looked down at his knees and found he was on an owl's back and the owl kept exclaiming, "Oh! You should *hear* them, John."

"Who should I hear?" asked John quietly.

"Your young pigeons in the fir tree," replied the owl. "You haven't been watching them this long time."

"But how can I?" asked John. "They're too high up. I can't climb up there."

"Well, hold tight! I'm carrying you there now." And the owl, without another word, landed John on a bough of the high tree where the pigeons had their nest.

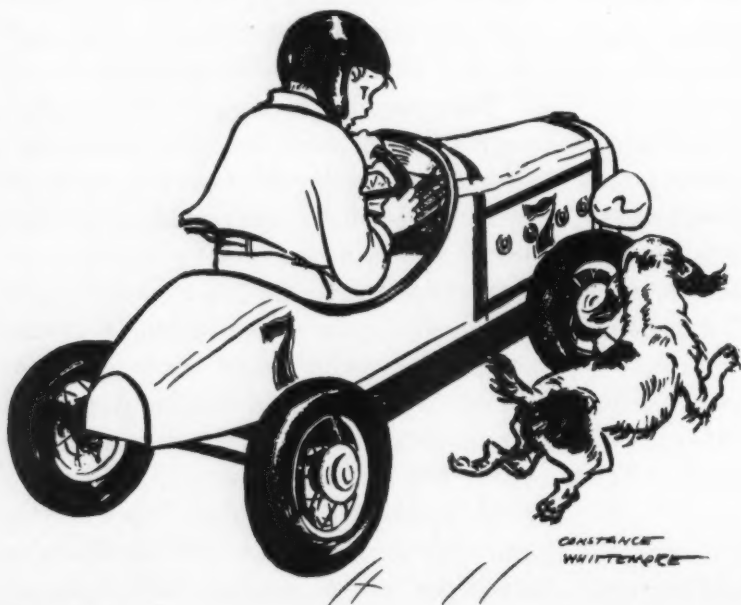
Seated comfortably there he watched Mrs. Ring-Dove and her twins. The Bad Twin was giving lots of trouble apparently, and as John arrived, Mrs. Ring-Dove was saying, "Just you wait till your Father comes home!" But the Bad Twin coolly answered something like "Indeed!" and hopped out on to the very tip of a branch.

The Good Twin fluttered and hissed at this, saying he was terrified at the way his brother was shaking the nest and doing such dangerous balancing. Then the Bad Twin muttering something like "Cowardly-Cowardly" side-stepped quickly back along the branch and landed in the nest with such a flop that it seemed as if the whole tree shook.

Mrs. Ring-Dove rose up angrily and gave him a hard slap with the tip of her wing and the Good Twin pecked him sharply on the back. But he pecked back angrily at both of them, and so they went on, behaving in a way which John thought to himself was not one bit like "Little Birds in their nest agree." He laughed, and Mrs. Ring-Dove looked around.

"Oh! Look! A little boy watching you!" she said. This only made the Bad Twin behave even worse than before.

"Coo-o-o! Such an uncomfortable nest!" he wailed, looking at John. "Just a few rough twigs (briars, I think) crossed together and draughts coming up from below. All the other birds have lovely nests, lined with moss and mortar and wool. I'm sure this half-



*Every time he got into his racer he put the helmet on his head, and off he started*



built house of ours will tumble down one day and we'll be killed or perhaps eaten alive by those old cats."

"You wicked little bird," scolded his Mother. "The house we built for you and your good little brother is the best kind of house for pigeons."

"Well, if it is—then I don't want to be a pigeon," said the Bad Twin. "I wish instead I were a —" He looked at his mother daringly—"a hawk!" he cried defiantly.

At this, the Good Twin began to whimper and say he was afraid the Bad Twin *might* really turn into a hawk and devour them, but his mother consoled him and said she would save him.

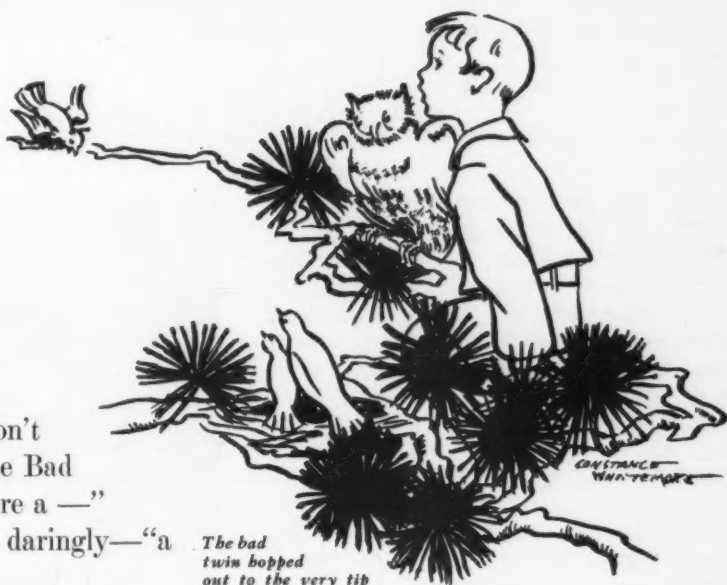
John now thought the Bad Twin was really going too far, and he wanted very much to tell him that he should not wish to be turned into a hawk. But when he tried to speak he found he could not. He kept saying, "Ah-a-a" till the owl, on a branch behind him, answered, saying, "What is it? Are you feeling better?"

Just then he heard a dog whining and scraping somewhere. When he turned his head to look he found something very strange happening. The tree was gone, the owl was gone, and he was lying in bed in the nursery and it was morning. Daddy was standing over him, saying, "What is it? Are you feeling better?"

John looked at him wonderingly and asked, "Who is scraping inside the tree?"

Daddy laughed and said, "That's Sal scraping to get in to see you."

The door opened and Mummy came in with a tray and Sal rushed over to the bed



*The bad twin hopped out to the very tip*

and put her paws on the coverlet eagerly. Slowly John remembered about his accident and then he told them about the owl and everything.

"Mums," he asked after a little while, "has anyone been feeding the rabbits lately?"

"Of course, darling," Mummy said.

"Well," said John, "I think I'll feed them this evening again on my way down to the cow-house."

"And will you go to see Captain and Jessie, too?"

"Oh, yes! And Mummy, I must *surely* go to look at that pigeon's nest in the fir tree."

"In fact," concluded Mummy, "you are going to spend the whole day visiting your old friends, aren't you?"

Before he could answer, David came in and told them he had the automobile in perfect order again, and then John announced that in future he would drive round in his auto every single day to visit all his friends on the farm.

I must say he has faithfully kept that promise since.

## Travels of the N. C. F.

**A**FTER weeks of dry weather, dwellers in the rich timber lands on the Oregon coast were troubled as they saw brush fires breaking out or smoldering here and there during September. They hoped rains would come to put them out, or that the work of the C.C.C. boys and the United States Forestry Service would succeed in holding them in check. The people in the towns of Marshfield, Coquille, and Bandon were especially worried.

Then on the night of September 26, flames fanned by high winds swept upon Bandon and the 1700 inhabitants had to leave their homes, which were soon reduced to ashes. The people dared not go through the woods to the neighboring towns of Marshfield and Coquille; they were afraid these, too, would soon be in flames. So they camped on the seashore through the night and were still there when help came the next day.

At four o'clock in the morning of the twenty-seventh, the Coast Guard telephoned to the Red Cross headquarters office at San Francisco. In a little while a Red Cross man was on his way to Bandon in a Navy airplane. The plane couldn't land at Bandon, nor even at Marshfield, thirty-six miles away, for the smoke was thick and black. It came down ninety miles away and the United States Forestry Service got out an automobile and sent the Red Cross man on his way. He arrived at Bandon at five o'clock in the afternoon, and found the head of the Red Cross Chapter from Marshfield already on the ground and arranging to get food for the families on the shore.

It wasn't long before arrangements had been made to send those who wanted to go, to friends and relatives in Marshfield or Coquille, which were now out of danger. Those who must stay at Bandon were housed in Army tents with good wooden floors; water, lights, and sewage were attended to, plans for serving about a thousand meals a day were all made, and the extent of the damage was learned. Four hundred and twenty-five homes had been wiped out, seventy-five business places were gone. The grammar school was burned to the ground. But the high school still stood. So did the high-school gymnasium, a



*The fourth and fifth grades of the Government School at Sitka, Alaska, received gifts of books from the N. C. F.*

separate building. Money came from National Headquarters of the Red Cross in Washington, generous sums were given through the Red Cross by people of Oregon. Government agencies helped in every possible way.

It was decided that the high-school gymnasium could be used for the grammar school. Portland promised to supply the school desks.

The people of the whole United States had a share in the help given the little town on the Oregon coast, for they had contributed the money which the National Red Cross sent. And children of the whole United States shared, too, because they had a National Children's Fund. Boys and girls in Bandon are today using on their playground a slide, a teetertotter, and other equipment bought with money from the Fund. And when they get together and sing in their assembly periods they are using song books supplied from the same source.

A long way from Bandon is the town of Nordfold, far up the coast of Norway. But that has a National Children's Fund story, too. Every month three copies of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS go to the Norwegian Red Cross offices at Oslo. And one of those copies has been sent up to the Junior members at Nordfold. A few years ago, a great friend of the members there was

Mrs. Amalie Normann. One year when she saw the story of the National Children's Fund in the magazine, she decided to ask for a sum from it to help the Nordfold Juniors start a vegetable garden. So she did, and the American Junior Red Cross did, and a novelty was started in Nordfold. The people there had always lived on a diet of fish and potatoes and had believed that green vegetables would not grow in their soil and climate. But the Junior garden proved them wrong. Green vegetables began to be taken home from it, and the Nordfolders began to like them, too. Not long ago, Mrs. Normann died, and the Junior garden has been given up, but green vegetables are being raised in grown-up gardens now and are appearing on many a dinner table in that little town where some of the American National Children's Fund was planted in a Norwegian Juniors' garden.

In the Alexander Archipelago off the coast of southeastern Alaska is Wrangell Island. On the island is Wrangell Institute, a government boarding school where boys and girls from the surrounding islands come in September to stay until May, when they go home to share in the fishing industry through the summer. Many of the boys go out in the fishing boats to bring in the salmon from the fish traps or from seines. Some go trolling for salmon with their fathers and older brothers. Many of the girls work in the salmon canneries. That is why in their school the children learn about salmon and the salmon industry, about boats and fishing gear, about the operation and repair of gas and diesel engines. This school was one of those which received small libraries of books purchased with money from the National Children's Fund.

A girl in another school in Alaska, the government school at Cordova, wrote to the members of the American Junior Red Cross:

"Today we have just received a wonderful set of books from you. I have read an interesting story in one of them. It is called 'The Brother and Sister.' I am sure the books will help us in our school work.

"I am the oldest girl in a family of eleven children. The babies are twins four months old. Being the oldest I have plenty of work to do. But I like the twins anyway. When I finish school here I hope to go to school at Eklutna and learn to be a nurse."

The children in the government schools at Wrangell and Cordova are Indians. Many miles away, in Nevada, the National Children's Fund has been used for other Indians. It has had a hand in the Wa-Pai-Shone trading post in the Carson Indian Agency. The name of the post

is made up from the names of the tribes on that reservation, the Washoes, the Paiutes, and the Shoshones. For sale at the store for the benefit of the Indians themselves are beautiful baskets, articles of buckskin and beads, handwoven materials, and silver work. Last year these native crafts, which were dying out, were taught at the Indian School at Carson, which is attended by five hundred students. They not only learned handicrafts themselves, but took ideas back home to their parents. The teacher was paid with money from the National Children's Fund. This year the allotment from the Fund will be to pay someone to teach the old dances and songs and the old stories of those tribes, now all but forgotten.

Many of the stories you have loved best, some of them from the NEWS, have been eagerly "read" by the fingers of children in state schools for the blind over the whole United States. They have been put into braille dots by grown-up Red Cross members on a special kind of paper bought with money from the National Children's Fund. Juniors, too, have made the covers for the brailled stories by the hundreds and they have often managed to put on these covers some sort of raised designs which blind children can enjoy with their finger-tips. Just the day we were writing this article, along came a correspondence album from the State School for the Blind at Salem, Oregon, for a school for the blind in Budapest, Hungary. The Oregon children told all about their school:

"We received your letter through the Junior Red Cross. It was interesting to learn those things about you which we wouldn't have in our geography lessons.

"There are forty boys and twenty-five girls in our school. Some of these are not totally blind. We have sight-saving work here.

"Our main building has three stories. One end of the first story consists of school rooms, office, and chapel; the other consists of music studio and typing room. The whole second floor is the girls' dormitory; and



*A thank-you gift from Poland*

on the third floor are more school rooms and teachers' rooms.

"In an adjoining building are the kitchen and dining room. Above the dining room is the gymnasium. Our boys' dormitory is fireproof. Next year both boys and girls will have fireproof dormitories.

"The campus contains seven acres of land with a creek running along one side. The athletic field is at one end.

"Our school has an outdoor fireplace. It is made of brick and stone and is surrounded by a little stone and cement wall. The wall is about one and one-half feet high. We like it very much. The clubs that we have at our school have picnics down at the fireplace.

"We have three clubs. One is the M.M.U.'s. (That stands for Merry Mix-Up's.) This club is made up of girls from the fifth to the eighth grade. We have evening parties and treasure hunts. In a treasure hunt someone hides something and then gives the searchers clues as to where it is. One clue leads to another and often there is a long hike before the treasure is finally found.

"Another club like this one is the J.J.B.'s or the Jolly Junior Boys. A different kind of an organization is the P.S.'s or the Pen Scratchers. They help write articles for our school paper.

"Our school has a wrestling team which combats with other local schools. We have won most of the matches this year. There are eight in the squad. Each wrestler received a sweater with the letter "O" for Oregon.

"The older boys' industrial class made a row-boat called the Guan. We often go for rides on the river.

"Most of the children from the fourth grade up take piano lessons

and when they get into the higher grades they can take vocal lessons if they have good voices.

"We use braille music for the children who read with their fingers. The students with partial vision use cleartype music with large notes on a large staff.

"We have several chorus groups, primary, intermediate and junior choruses for the younger children and the older ones have a boys' chorus.

"Each year we have a music appreciation class in which the students learn about the composers and become more familiar with good music.

"Our school orchestra consists of high-school boys and our rhythm band is made up of children from the lower grades."

You have read how your Fund has gone in for gardening in Norway and on the Canadian border, helped in the fishing industry in south-eastern Alaska, and done some life-saving work for handicrafts in Nevada. In Hungary it has shared in a livestock venture. A school there wrote:

"Many greetings from the Juniors of Sutto. We are much excited just now, because we have bought a new cow. Part of the money was

earned by our giving a play, and part of it, 100.P, came to us from the National Children's Fund through the Hungarian Red Cross headquarters. Our first cow gave enough milk for fifteen children to have a glass of milk every day for breakfast. Then we started a collection and the result was that twenty-five children had a hot dinner every day for a month.

"Our Christmas play brought us enough to be able to give parcels of food to seven poor families. Besides these we had the shoes of many poor children mended. Mr. Kline-sak, our teacher, helped us a great

(Cont. on page 159)

#### N. C. F. BUDGET, 1936-7

Libraries for isolated schools.....	\$ 3,500.00
Brailed stories .....	575.00
Perpetuation of Spanish-American Arts (Colorado and New Mexico).....	150.00
Fostering Indian folklore, dance, and rhythm...	1,500.00
Equipment and supplies, Bandon, Oregon, School Christmas boxes .....	3,000.00
Translation of international school correspond- ence .....	1,500.00
Unallotted, held for disaster relief or other local projects .....	7,413.87
<b>Austria</b> —For printing thousands of copies of the Health Game.....	600.00
<b>Bulgaria</b> —For school canteens, first aid equip- ment, and Junior conferences.....	400.00
<b>Czechoslovakia</b> —Help with Juniors' health work in schools.....	250.00
<b>Estonia</b> .....	400.00
<b>Greece</b> —For aid in anti-malaria campaign and other health work .....	400.00
<b>Hungary</b> —Help with printing and distributing "The Way of Loveland".....	400.00
<b>Latvia</b> —School lunches; summer health camps; study rooms .....	400.00
<b>Lithuania</b> —Junior Red Cross films.....	300.00
<b>Poland</b> —School cabinets for medicine and first aid; Junior reading rooms.....	500.00
<b>Yugoslavia</b> —Summer colony, school lunches, school drinking fountains.....	500.00
<b>Total</b> .....	\$22,088.87



# News from Barrow, Alaska

**B**ARROW is a scattered village ten miles from Point Barrow, the northernmost settlement. It is on the shore of the Arctic Ocean, about 337 miles north of the Arctic Circle.

During the year there are seven months in which we have days and nights, and three months in which there are no nights. There are two months in the winter that we have no sun at all.

In the middle of July the first ship comes here from the United States.

Will Rogers and Wiley Post crashed fifteen miles from Barrow, into a little creek, in 1935. Rogers was going to visit Mr. Brower. Post was going to Siberia after he took Rogers to Barrow.

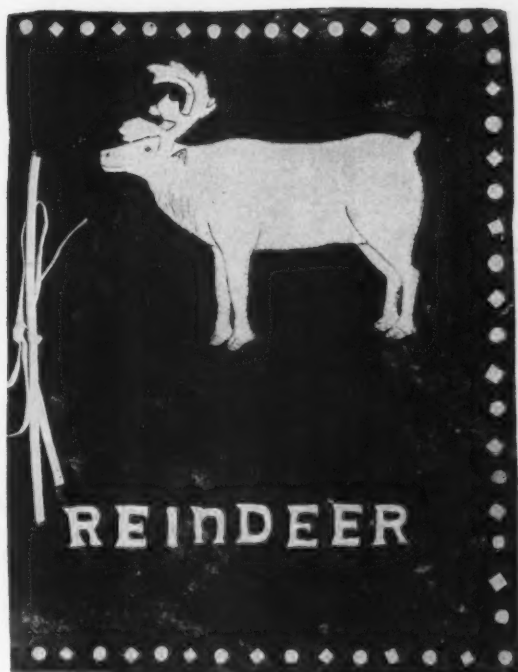
Knud Rasmussen came from Greenland through the territory of Alaska. It took him three years to come to Barrow from Greenland with a dogteam. He was a writer of Eskimo stories.

Ben Eilson and Sir Hubert Wilkins started to fly to the North Pole from Barrow and flew until their gasoline was used up and they crashed on the ice pack. Then they walked over the ice and came to Barrow with a dogteam.

The first thing we do in basket work is to split some whalebone, then soak it in water. After it is well soaked we split it into fine strips and dry them well. We scrape the strips so as to smooth the bone. The next thing is to cut the ivory for the bottom piece and for the handle. We carve a little animal or the head of an animal such as a walrus or a reindeer on the handle. Then we start weaving the strips of whalebone together. Once in a while we chew the basket so as to make it straight. We try to make it shine like glass.

Every Friday afternoon we bathe in the school annex. In hauling ice for the bath we use a sled and a rope. The boys harness themselves and run for the ice. Sometimes we play and bark like dogs. Sometimes we take as many as seven big pieces of ice. We are a mighty strong team.

The Barrow school children plan to make a



*An album from the Government School at Noarvik, Alaska, to a school in South Dakota*

school store down at the beach next summer. The storekeeper will take charge of it. The girls are to make slippers or boots for children from seven to ten. Also coats, hats, and some other things. The boys are going to make some dolls of wood, baskets, Eskimo lamps, and Eskimo knives.

Lee Suvlu, the janitor of the hospital, left Barrow by tractor with four men to get some pitch. Dorcas Ungerook, one of the pupils of Barrow School, also went along to visit her parents, who are at Tommy's herd. After an absence of six days they came back with a big load of pitch to be used at the church instead of coal. Pitch is oil seeped up from the ground and dried.

The boys made and tried a horizontal bar, which works fine. The girls also played with it, wearing boys' clothing. They surely looked funny.

The people of Barrow caught about 325 foxes altogether, and hope to catch more before the season closes. Benjamin and Leo each caught a wolf.

There is only one Sears Roebuck catalog in the whole village. This has been going from house to house; so we hope we will get more than one next year.

—From "Arctic Cubs," published monthly by students in the school at Barrow.



*These Latvian Juniors are busy protecting the young orchard they planted against what they call "rabbit danger." Rabbits are real pests in many European countries*

## Working Together in Other Lands

THE Juniors of the Girls' Council School, Newport Pagnell, England, call themselves "bridge-builders" because they are trying to make "bridges of understanding" between themselves and other lands. The idea started with a beautiful doll which they received through school correspondence from a group in Tokyo. The girls wanted to know more about Japan; so they told stories, played Japanese games, and painted pictures of Japanese life. At Christmas, they had an exhibit of their work for the rest of the school to see.

During the last term, the girls met every Monday after school, and learned about other countries. Two weeks were given to each nation. The first week, descriptions of the country were given, and stories were told about it. During the second week, the members tried to find out what Juniors were doing there. Then the group played games or learned a dance from the country they were studying about.

DURING the Damodar flood, members in Burdwan (Bengal), India, helped with rescue and relief work. Many times they risked their lives swimming through dangerous currents to take food to stranded people. They took sick people to the hospital, collected money, cloth-

ing and food for the victims, and cleared away the refuse left by the flood.

The Juniors of Hooghly, Jessore, Khulna, Midnapore, also sent money to help the flood sufferers. Members in Nadia built dams to keep out the flood waters, and were able to save large sections of land under cultivation.

Four hundred and fifteen schools of Burma took part in Rangoon Health Week by writing essays and making posters. The designs for the posters were shown in the Health Week Exhibition. Boys from physical training classes had a special part in the program, health films were shown, and health plays performed.

THE J.R.C. of Jakob and Johannes School, Stockholm, Sweden, learned to write braille, and at Christmas time they sent a letter to a class in a school for the blind at Tomtebodå. Eight blind pupils replied to this letter, and sent a box of chocolates along with their Christmas wishes.

At Malmo, the Juniors of Bunths School made mattresses and gave them, with beds, to needy families of the town. Each class took one family under its care. These Juniors also made it possible for five children to have vacations in the country during the summer months.

AS MOST Juniors know, the cartons and cost of crating and shipping J.R.C. Christmas boxes are paid for from the National Children's Fund.

The Elementary School at Sliepkovice, Slovakia, Czechoslovakia, wrote to fellow members in America:

We were very happy when our teacher told us that even in far-away America you think of us and sent us five boxes of various gifts. These were given to us the day before Christmas, and we decorated our Christmas trees with them. Your gifts were the only decorations we had, since our parents are too poor to afford these.

We have no means of rewarding you for your kindness, but please accept our most sincere thanks for the happy moments you prepared for us.

TWELVE days after families in America and Western Europe lighted their Christmas trees last year, thirteen-year-old King Peter and his brothers celebrated the orthodox Serbian Christmas Eve, which in Yugoslavia is known as Mothers' Day.

For the first time in his life, Peter, who is head of the Junior Red Cross in Yugoslavia, performed the ancient ceremony of receiving the yule log from the royal guard, a ritual resembling the yule log ceremony of rural England.

Following another old tradition, King Peter and his brothers tied their mother with a string to a chair. In return for her release, Queen Marie was forced to give her children presents. The following Sunday, fathers throughout Yugoslavia were bound to chairs in similar fashion and had to give gifts.

ONE morning when François Konieczny, a pupil in the Primary School at Siemow, Poznan, Poland, was pasturing his cows, he noticed that two young girls were watching a

flock of geese, and amusing themselves by gathering flowers near a swamp close by. The older girl fell into the water and disappeared. Her young sister screamed, and the boy ran as fast as he could and jumped into the deep, muddy water. He dived three times, and finally succeeded in bringing the girl to the surface. She showed no signs of life, but recovered consciousness after François applied artificial respiration, which he had learned in a Red Cross class in First Aid.

FROM a letter in an album sent by the Mitsuke School, Iwata-gun, Shizuoka Prefecture, Japan, Juniors of St. Boniface School, New Vienna, Iowa, learned how their far-away friends celebrated New Year's Day:

As I was on duty to assemble our Junior Red Cross members, I went round to their houses to awaken them early in the morning. Members gathered one by one, and with the Junior Red Cross banner in front we visited our village shrine. New Year's decorations at house gates made us feel that it was New Year's Day. When we arrived at the shrine many visitors were already there. Purifying ourselves, we paid our respects to the shrine. On the way home we saw a beautiful sunrise. Every face of our members seemed really brightening with their new hope for the year.

When we returned home, the radio was broadcasting our national anthem; so all the family sang it together. After our morning service, which is observed in front of the shelf for Shinto tablets, we exchanged our New Year's greetings. Then we sat at our breakfast table and ate New Year's rice-cakes boiled with fish and vegetables which are special foods on the day throughout Japan.

I made up my mind to do my best for our school work and our Junior Red Cross service on this New Year's Day.

THE Elisabetta Sirani elementary school in Bologna wrote correspondents in the North Broadway School, Leavenworth, Kansas, how



*Italian J. R. C. members of the Scuola Elementaire at Torino, taking part in a folk dance*

the New Year is welcomed in the ancient Italian town:

In the evening a great joy reigns in the city, which is all illumined with thousands of small lamps of various colors. There are processions of young people, especially of students of the university. Masked and adorned with colored paper roses and carrying little flags and musical instruments, they go through the city shouting and singing.

At midnight a cannon shot is fired from a height near the city, which advises us that the new year has begun.

At that time fire is set to a big puppet representing an old man which has been prepared on the main square. At the last crackling of the flame, all the people shout a

tremendous "Hurrah!" The whistles of hooters, rolls of drums, sounds of trumpets, of cymbals, of accordions, join together to make an indescribable noise.

Nearly everyone goes to cafés to drink champagne and eat white grapes and cakes.

Everything is cheerful. Fireworks shoot up into the sky, musicians and groups of men playing guitars and mandolins go here and there, bringing wishes for a Happy New Year to everyone.

On the streets there are carriages full of gifts which are to be distributed to the winners of the lottery which takes place at midnight sharp.

The movement and the noise continue all night till the daybreak of the new year.

## "We Believe in Service for Others"

**D**URING her round of school visits, the health supervisor of Placer County, California, learned of a boy who, because he was partially blind, was unable to come to school. When J. R. C. members of the Alta Vista School in Auburn heard about it, they decided to "adopt" the boy and raise money to send him to an oculist. So they got busy and held a candy sale. Their mothers provided the candy, and the Juniors painted posters to advertise the sale, constructed and decorated counters, and made bags to hold the candy. More than five dollars was raised. But the oculist found that, after all, glasses wouldn't help; so arrangements were made to send the boy to the state school for the blind.

The Auburn Juniors arranged a farewell party and after several selections had been played on various instruments, they gave their "adopted" friend a toy saxophone which played real tunes.

Now the Juniors are helping to take care of the boy's needs. They write to him, send him gifts of clothing; everybody helps. Another candy sale was held at Hallowe'en, this time with the decorations and bags all carried out in Hallowe'en colors and designs. After the sale, the arithmetic classes counted the proceeds of the sale; the treasurer of the school made a trip to the post office to get a money order, and letters were written to the superintendent of the blind school, asking him to buy some warm

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*Members of the Matanuska Valley colony in Alaska pick wild berries only ten yards from their home*

clothes for the boy. Then "thank you" letters were written to the mothers who had helped by furnishing candy.

**A**LL the schools in Lynn, Massachusetts, are enrolled in the Junior Red Cross, and active. Christmas and Thanksgiving baskets were sent to families who needed help, and other Christmas activities included sending toys, scrapbooks, puzzle books, Christmas trees, and all sorts of remembrances to hospitals, homes for old people, shut-ins, and needy families.

Last year valentines were sent to the Lynn Isolation Hospital and other hospitals for children. One school sent placecards to the Old Ladies' Home for Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. Several schools sent fruit and flowers to pupils who were out of school for more than a week. Magazines were collected for men





*Whiteford School, Atlanta, Georgia, studied the customs of children of other lands; then they made the flags of all the nations they had learned about*

in the Naval Hospital at Chelsea, Massachusetts, and gifts were made for veterans in the government hospital at Bedford.

All schools helped to supply eyeglasses and warm clothing—underwear, coats, shoes, rubbers—to families in need. Some hospitalization was given through the efforts of the school health councils. Several pupils were helped with their dentists' bills, accidents were cared for, hospital bills for anti-tetanus services, as well as doctor bills, were paid. Free milk was given to correct cases of malnutrition.

All of the relief work is carried out on a "need" basis and schools with surpluses helped schools which did not have enough funds. The Juniors raised money through voluntary contributions, socials, cake sales, vaudeville shows, motion-picture shows, fun fests, grab-bags, and minstrel shows.

The poetry and art club, airplane club, camera club, and bird club of the Junior High School worked together on an album for Poland. Letters were exchanged with schools in Estonia, and a school magazine was sent to a school in Puerto Rico.

**A**FTER a big snow, members of the Third Ward School, Albuquerque, New Mexico, made a point of seeing that food was put out for birds in the neighborhood. They raised money for their Service Fund by special programs, candy and popcorn sales, a fair, and a puppet show. The Juniors bought sixteen narcissus bulbs, and

after giving them a good start, took them to patients in a local sanitarium. Books have been mended for the school library. One pre-primary class sold candy so that they could fill a Christmas box for a sick child.

**T**HE Juniors in Chattanooga, Tennessee, sent in twenty-five bushels of walnuts, hickory nuts, popcorn, and peanuts to the city Red Cross headquarters. A few bushels were sold for the Service Fund, but most of the nuts were distributed among children of different families and institutions. The Chattanooga Juniors do this every year for children in the city who do not have a chance to visit the woods in the autumn.

They also sent one hundred and thirty Christmas boxes.

**O**GILBY School in Imperial County, California, has an enrollment of only eighteen pupils, and is in an isolated desert section. But Juniors there report many activities. They cleaned the school yard and rearranged the cactus garden. Then they put a new fence around it and built a gate for it. These members have made many other improvements and repairs for the school. One member made a First Aid kit for use in the school. He also made a cage for lizards which are frequently found on nature-study hikes.

**T**HE Junior Red Cross members in the School for the Deaf, Jacksonville, Florida, have been making scrapbooks for their own school hospital, the hospital at the Lincoln State School and Colony and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home at Normal, Florida. Each sheet in the books is a different color and only pictures of especial interest to children are included. Some are reproductions of works of art, others are humorous. On the front page of each booklet is a large red cross, and the title.

**T**HE U. S. Naval Hospital, League Island, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, wrote to Philadelphia Juniors in thanks for their Christmas menu covers:

We all want to tell you how much we appreciate your kindness at the Christmas holidays. The menu covers which you Juniors made for us were beautiful and we had enough for the entire patients' mess and for every tray sent to bed patients. We wish you could have seen how

pretty the trays looked this year. There was an attractive holiday napkin on each and those gay little favors which you provided helped tremendously in making the Christmas meal gay and festive. The toys and beautiful dolls which you sent for the patients' families all were given out, and we know that you would feel gratified could you know the joy these lovely toys gave to many children.

**T**HE sixth grade of Austin School, Sulphur Springs, Texas, sent a large map of the United States drawn on muslin to Kingslake, Victoria, Australia. Each state was decorated with pictures they had drawn of its principal products.

**S**EVENTH grade Juniors of the Ravenna, Kentucky, Grade School voted to send cookies to men in the government hospital at Outwood, Kentucky. Each child in the room brought some part of the "makings." One brought sugar, another flour, another butter, and so on. A committee was chosen, and on the following Saturday the members met at their teacher's home and under her supervision mixed and baked four hundred cookies. Another committee attended to the packing, and still another to the mailing of the box. Other classes in the same school sent attractive favors for each veteran's tray.

**F**OR more than a year, Junior Red Cross members in several of the West Virginia Chapters have helped to make life happier for patients at The Pines, the West Virginia Foundation for Crippled Children, near Berkeley Springs, which cares for children suffering from the after-effects of infantile paralysis. Several wheel-chairs have been bought for those who are unable to walk; kindergarten chairs have been provided for the smaller children; jokebooks, scrapbooks, nature-study books, and portfolios of all kinds have been given; friendly letters have been written; books and games of all sorts have been sent from manual training and other J. R. C. groups. Small sums of money to buy needed supplies of various kinds have been sent, too.

Recently an album was prepared for exchange with children in a similar institution at Warm Springs, Georgia.

The patients at The Pines range in age from eighteen months to eighteen years. They live in



*Before sending scrapbooks which they made, to patients in a local hospital, members of Dansville, New York, displayed them in a downtown store window*

a spacious old home, and besides the hospital there are classrooms, with regular school courses; rooms for special baths; and sun parlors.

The children at The Pines enjoy friendly letters, toys, games, books, flower seeds, and plants. They take a great deal of pride in their outdoor flower gardens and their fish pond during the summer months.

**M**ISS UPJOHN'S PROGRAM pictures are mounted on black backgrounds by members of St. Francis Xavier's Parochial School, Parkersburg, West Virginia. Then they are used as a wall decoration along the stairs leading from the first to the second floor.

**J**UNIORS of the Cheverly School, in Prince George's County, Maryland, have given out food and clothing to people in the community. They also made scrapbooks for hospitals, sent flowers to the sick, sent a box filled with Christmas gifts to a sick boy, and gave a yearly subscription for a magazine to a man who is very ill with tuberculosis. The children of the College Park School brought books and toys for the Foundling Home, as well as canned goods and groceries for a poor family.

**C**HILDREN in the Sparrow and St. Lawrence Hospitals and the Ingham Sanatorium were visited a little while ago by Juniors of the Everett School, Lansing, Michigan. With them, the Juniors brought fourteen dolls which they had purchased and dressed with special care. Some of the dolls had as many as fourteen changes of clothes.

TWO patients who have tuberculosis receive milk and fruit regularly from the J. R. C. of Floyd County, Kentucky. The Juniors use their Service Fund to help with the project.

IN JOPLIN, MISSOURI, all the schools re-enroll during the month of February. For some months beforehand schools make plans so that there will be enough money to take care of the enrollment of all the classes. Some schools have "penny marches," others put on plays and charge a few cents for admission, or keep self-denial boxes.

To help the local Red Cross Chapters, Joplin Juniors have been collecting wrapping paper,

buttons, needles, and thread to be used in filling orders for families who are given clothing made by Red Cross volunteers.

Other activities include gifts of magazines and newspapers for the Tuberculosis Hospital, layettes for the Chapter's Emergency Closet, comic puzzles for children who are sick.

ENOUGH canned goods to serve hot lunches for a month was sent to a needy rural school by members in Trona School, San Bernardino County, California. Later, the Juniors and Parent-Teacher Association sent enough money to continue serving hot lunches the rest of the school term.

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deal. We should like very much to hear about your Red Cross work."

In Hungary, also, money from the Fund is helping to print and distribute a new game called "The Way of Loveland." The game is in bright colors and shows a "good Junior" at home, at school, on the street, keeping the rules of health and safety, and cultivating international friendships.

In Austria, the allotment from the N. C. F. is being used to print and circulate the Health Game. This game was introduced by Junior Red Cross workers on the playgrounds of many countries of Europe after the World War and has been going on there ever since.

In Riga there are school children who find it quite impossible to study in their homes, and so the Latvian Junior Red Cross has started afternoon classes in comfortable quarters where they can prepare their lessons for the next day. Money from the Fund helps the Latvian Juniors carry out this undertaking. It also helps them to buy the materials for garments which are made in their sewing classes for needy children.

In many places in Europe your Fund is helping fellow Juniors to provide hot school lunches, drinking fountains, and shower

baths; to pay for dental treatments; to provide sunshine and rest by the sea or in the mountains for delicate children. The Junior groups who get these small sums from their comrades in America know just what they want to do with them. A boys' school in Czechoslovakia writes:

"With our best thanks we acknowledge the receipt of Kc.1,200 [a Czech crown—about 3½ cents] from the American National Children's Fund, which we have received through the Czechoslovak Red Cross Division in Brno.

"The Czechoslovak Red Cross Division in Brno quite agreed with our plan for using the money. We intend to provide for our school: Seven cases for shoes so that the pupils could change their shoes in the school; seven towel racks for every classroom—every pupil will get his own towel;

two large washing stands with at least six outlets to place in the cloak rooms in our school.

"The rest of the money will be set aside for dental care."

The fact is, the National Children's Fund gets about and does things.

And it has been getting about and doing things for seventeen years, because for all those years members of the American Junior Red Cross have been proud to be able to lend a hand with the work of fellow members everywhere.

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ASSOCIATED PRESS PHOTO

## ROUMANIA—THE FIRST SNOW FALL

*Dear American Friends:*

We read your letters with much pleasure. Ours is also a very good school. We do a lot of singing—in fact we sing regularly every day, accompanied by our teacher, who plays the piano. Every Sunday we sing in the church choir. There is a piano and an organ in our school. We sing many beautiful songs and whole masses, by Beethoven and others. Our violin teacher is very good. There are many good violinists in Roumania. Probably you have heard our famous violinist, Enescu. He played in the United States several times.

You told us you knew "Ave Maria." We are glad to tell you that we know the "Ave Maria," too. We play it on the violin and the girls sing it. But we wish you could hear some of our national songs. Some are very lively, but some of them are very sad. The Doina is the typical Roumanian song. In the Doina the Roumanian expresses all his sadness and all his longing for the unknown. We know a great many beautiful Doinas. We are sending you the music of one of them, and we hope you will feel its charm and beauty. Perhaps only a Roumanian can fully understand its poetry. So if you want to hear it sung well, come to Roumania and hear us sing it.

Thank you for your album. Greetings from the pupils of

Girls' Normal School  
Braila, Roumania



# A Guide for Teachers

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

## The January News in the School

### The Classroom Index

#### Arithmetic:

"Games throughout the World"

#### Art:

"Parting at Sakurai"

Since the announcement in the December GUIDE arrangements have been made for distribution of the volume on the Cizek Art Class through the John Day Company of New York. Price \$3.00; order direct from John Day Co.

#### Citizenship—Worldwide:

"The Story of Og," "The Conquest of Yellow Jack," "Travels of the National Children's Fund," "Working Together," "We Believe in Service for Others."

#### English:

"Something to Read." "The Story of Og" is not folklore, but a piece of original mythology created in the style of old tales from the author's wonder about reindeer.

#### Geography:

*China*—"Silk Stories" may create an interest in classroom experiment with silkworms.

"Eggs may be ordered from the Industrial Arts Co-operative Service, 519 West 121 Street, New York City. Sixty cents worth of eggs is enough for school use. The eggs should be kept in a cold place until the time one wants them to hatch. It would probably be advisable either to order them the previous winter and put them in a cold place until the last of August, or else to order them so that they would arrive at the desired time. Whenever they are taken from a cold place and allowed to be in a warm place for a few days, they are apt to hatch."

"One very good little booklet on this subject is *A Unit Study of Clothing, Part V—Silk, Flax and Rayon*, by Frederick Pistor, Progress Publishing Company, Bluffton, Indiana. Price twenty-five cents. It gives information on commercial silk production and also directions for carrying on the activity."

"*Raising Silkworms at School*" by Evelyn Benzler and Maude McBroom of the University Elementary School, State University, in Midland Schools.)

*Cuba*—"The Conquest of Yellow Jack"

*Japan*—"Parting at Sakurai"

*Lapland*—"The Story of Og"

*The Netherlands*—"Ice Free!"

*Norway*—"Something to Read"

*Panama*—"The Conquest of Yellow Jack"

*Philippine Islands*—"The Program Picture"

*Roumania*—"A Letter from Roumania"

*United States*—"Silk Stories," "The Conquest of Yellow Jack," "Something to Read," "We Believe in Service for Others," "News from Barrow, Alaska"

*Other Countries*—"Travels of the National Children's Fund," "Working Together in Other Lands"

#### Health:

"Games Throughout the World," "The Conquest of Yellow Jack," "Nursery Rhyme—1936," (editorial)

"Travels of the National Children's Fund," "Working Together in Other Lands"

#### Primary:

"The Story of Og," "Ice Free!" "Nursery Rhyme—1936," and especially "The Cold Engine"

#### Reading:

The purpose of these reading questions is not to test memory, but to give point to reading, and stimulate group conversation and action. The questions are more useful given in advance.

1. Why did the reindeer go to Lapland? 2. Do you think Og's way of hunting (killing only harmful animals and helping others) as brave as his brother's way?

1. How did the secret of silk finally spread? 2. Get some silkworms and watch them make the cocoons.

1. What does "Ice Free!" mean? 2. Did Jan deserve his spill?

1. Explain one of the new games so that your classmates can play it. 2. Learn one new game each day.

1. What doctors were important in conquering yellow fever? 2. What others have sacrificed their lives to advance world health?

1. What are some reasons for thrift? 2. How can your class improve its service through thrift?

1. Why should Mary have stayed home? 2. What do you do when you have a cold?

1. What does Igorot mean? 2. What countries have you learned about this year from the PROGRAM pictures and activities?

1. Tell what the books reviewed are about, using one sentence for each? 2. What are some characteristics of a good book report?

1. What made John remember the rabbits and his other old friends? 2. How was John's dream made up out of things that had happened to him?

1. How many countries are American Juniors helping this year through their National Children's Fund? 2. How much is allotted for service in the United States and how much for other countries?

1. Tell one interesting thing about Barrow, Alaska. 2. How can there be no night for three months and no day for two months?

1. On a map or a globe point out countries from which service activities are reported. 2. Which activity of other countries surprises you?

1. What kinds of need were met by Junior Red Cross members, as reported in the notes on service? 2. Make an outline showing different kinds of people for whom your school is performing service.

### Integrating

#### Functions of social living:

*Protection of life, property, and natural resources*—"The Story of Og," "The Conquest of Yellow Jack," "Something to Read," "Travels of the National Children's Fund"

*Production, distribution, and consumption of goods and services*—"The Story of Og," "Silk Stories," "News from Barrow, Alaska"

*Communication and transportation*—"The Conquest of Yellow Jack," "News from Barrow"

*Recreation and esthetic impulses*—"Parting at

(Continued on page 3)

# Developing Program Activities for January

## Brailled Valentines

AS LONG as they last, Brailled Valentines in assorted sets of ten are available free to enrolled schools that will make covers for them and send them on to an assigned School for the Blind by February 8. Order at once from your Headquarters' office. In writing tell how many sets you wish.

## Our Youngest Members

In many places a vital service program is carried on by primary pupils.

The first grade of the Alice School in Hibbing, Minnesota, wrote this letter to a Japanese School:

Dear Little Friends in Japan:  
We live in the United States. We are in the first grade. We are members of the Junior Red Cross.

One day we went to the high school. We went in a bus. We saw a lovely doll. She was a Japanese doll. She came from you in Japan. She came to the children in the Junior Red Cross. She was in a big glass case. We liked her pretty silk dress. We liked her little pocket-book. We thought she was a pretty doll. We liked the doll so much that we are sending you a picture book. The pictures are all about children in our school. We hope you will like them.

We would like to hear from you some time.

From your dear friends in the First Grade.

The annual report from Baltimore, Maryland, last year showed a variety of activities by small-sized but large-hearted members.

The kindergarten of the Jackson Place School #97, in collaboration with the fourth grade, sent wall pictures that they made to children at the City Nursery and Child's Hospital. The first grade of the Jackson Place School #97 made a doll house.

"They had such a good time papering the walls, constructing and installing furniture and fixtures that they decided to share their fun with others. After a careful inspection, the pupils renewed and replaced parts that showed wear." The house was then sent to the little girls at St. Gabriel's Convalescent Home.

Class 1C and 1B of the Louisa May Alcott School #59 wrote their own report:

### How We Helped

We helped the Red Cross.  
We made some paper dolls.  
We made some curtains.  
They are for the sick children.  
We will send them to the hospital.

Class 1B of the General Wolfe School #23 made a large community booklet containing colored cut-out pictures of buildings in the community. Under them were written stories about the pictures. The book was sent to the Salvation Army Nursery.

Class 2B and 2A of the Lexington School #95 had a nature project about which they made their own report, including mention of other service activities:

Our class bought some seed. We planted the seeds. Around Easter time we sent them to some children in the hospital.

We were studying about the Indians. We made a book for them. We sent it to the Indian Reservation. When there was a flood, we put money in a box. We gave it to the Red Cross.

Class 2B of the Louisa May Alcott School #59 also wrote their own story of a nature study project:

We brought seeds and earth and eggshells to the school and tried to raise plants for the Junior Red Cross. The

eggshells cracked and the dirt grew hard. Then we brought flower pots for the plants. The plants started to grow in the flower pots. We watered them every day but the room was too hot. Every night the earth grew dry and hard and the plants died. Some of the children brought plants that liked hot weather. These few plants are still alive and we want to send them to the Red Cross for the Old Ladies' Home.

Class 3A of the Louisa May Alcott School #59 prepared a booklet on its study of ships for a Junior Red Cross group in the Philippines.

The third grade of School #95 made some toys for the children at the Nursery and Child's Hospital.

Class 3B of School #203 wrote:

We have enjoyed reading the stories in the Junior Red Cross News. After reading a story called "What the Animals Knew," we made a health poster for our room. The pictures about people in other lands were interesting to us, too.

## A Significant Educational Study

YOUTH SERVES THE COMMUNITY, by Paul R. Hanna and Research Staff. D. Appleton-Century Company, New York, 1936.

A study in socially useful work for children, noted in the GUIDE FOR TEACHERS for May, 1935, is now issued as a publication of the Progressive Education Association, printed by the D. Appleton-Century Company. Teachers who have been guiding pupils in socially useful activities through Junior Red Cross will have a sympathetic interest in the findings of this study. Besides numerous concrete suggestions for extending and refining work already developed, the authors give searching attention to the philosophy that underlies socially useful activities.

The sound criteria set up closely parallel criteria that have guided development of the Junior Red Cross program from its inception. Several well chosen instances of Junior Red Cross activities find inclusion in the volume, with one or two unlabeled ones that were carried out through the Junior Red Cross, like the delinquency study in Omaha, Nebraska.

Inquiry was made into activities of the more significant youth movements, letters were sent to educational leaders in many countries, and outstanding work of excellent teachers was tracked down. Material thus collected was sorted and organized under chapter headings and the responsibility for writing these chapters assigned to various able collaborators.

The study marks a deepening in educational thinking. During the post-war decade, the socialized classroom was sometimes a sheltered and even artificial environment, which encouraged creative talent but gave slight conception of actual problems either in the community or throughout the world. Perhaps the freeing of classrooms from formality and the freeing of children's spirits for more joyous living was enough advance for that period.

There is still perhaps undue dread that philanthropy, as expressed, for instance, in the Thanksgiving basket, will perforce prolong the causes underlying poverty, will produce smug comfort in having the poor always with us, so that we may always be benefactors. Certainly there is as real strength in the argument that any harmful enjoyment of gratitude is nullified by a sharpened awareness of others' need. In this phase of education, as in every other, the quality of learning must partly depend on the art and idealism with which the learners are guided. Nor does the danger of producing an occasional smug Lady (or Lord) Bountiful of whatever age seem adequate justification for letting the underadvantaged go hungry, until the problem of poverty be more permanently solved.

The Junior Red Cross has reason for renewed confidence in the soundness of its program of social education. Perhaps no other organization affords equal opportunity for young people and other adult citizens to work together in the aim of community, national, and world well-being.

## World Friendship in Small Schools

Although rural schools may feel that they have little to draw on for school correspondence exchanges, they produce some of the most picturesque material. Examples are given below.

The Highland District #55 School, York, Nebraska, prepared an album "for any foreign country" addressed to "Junior Red Cross Friends, Land of World Friendship."

"Dear Boys and Girls:

"This letter and the gift we are sending will be a surprise to you, no doubt. But we like to give our friends a surprise when it carries along with it the hope of spreading joy. We do hope the American doll and her wardrobe all tucked in the box with our love and best wishes will bring happiness. The little lady has been christened Edna C. Anderson in honor of our county superintendent who felt so highly honored that she made the little blue velvet coat. No lady should start abroad without a wrap, so an added joy is ours because we included this friend.

"You will see by our names that our enrollment is small—only eight. When we were almost buried this winter in snow there were times when all the little ones could not attend. On some of those bitter days we could not play outside as much as usual during recesses and noon. We should not have known what to do with ourselves during play periods if our teacher, Miss Lillie Taylor, had not planned Edna's wardrobe and helped us prepare her.

"It was so interesting we could hardly wait till lunch was over to begin our sewing. Girls and boys both worked. The boys made the clothes hangers and worked on the quilt. The girls had the most fun working on her dresses and crocheting her cap, mittens, and reticule. We dressed her in clothing like our own.

"We are sorry, but we believe you cannot find as much pleasure just looking at your little doll and playing with her, as we enjoyed working for her. We will look forward to a letter from you. Please tell us about your homes, your school, your country; about your people, your work and your play. We always enjoy that kind of Geography and English lessons best. Best wishes to you always."

The teacher of the Tree Park School, Boyceville, Wisconsin, wrote a letter of acknowledgment for an album received from Cape Province, South Africa.

"I am enclosing the card to acknowledge receipt, by my school, of the interesting portfolio from Tokai Primary School, Cape Province, South Africa. I wish you could have been with us the day we received this album. The children were so excited and enthusiastic that very little dinner was eaten which is rather unusual with children. The album proved very instructive. As a little third grade girl remarked 'Don't these real pictures tell us a lot?'

"The children are now starting a reply portfolio which we hope to finish in about a month. We all join in thanking you for the work you have done to make it possible for us to receive this interesting album."

A visitor to the public school of Ojai, California, wrote the local newspaper her impressions of the world friendship carried on among the pupils as a result of the foreign Christmas box activity.

"The children from the little kindergarten couple to the president of the meeting had a sense of social

responsibility, a realization that every one of them is a part of an integrated society, and that his well-being is inextricably bound up with the well-being of his fellows.

"The scene showing the Nordhoff Christmas boxes going across the 'Blue Pacific' was very good and Santa Claus in October made all realize the Christmas spirit is, in the Red Cross at least, a matter of every day in the year as well as December 25."

From a tiny school in Australia came a letter to a school in New York State, reminding us that in all countries there are small rural schools in which the children are striving for a broadened world view.

"Dear Friends,

"We are children of the Woorarra School, Victoria, Australia. There are fourteen pupils attending our school, but only four are old enough to help with this folio. We are sending it to you in America, because we are interested in the United States and we hope you will be interested in Australia. Every year we have a certain day for bringing jam which we send to the hospital. We are going to have a dance in aid of the Red Cross, and we forward the money to the hospital. For handwork we make woolen mats, fretwork, and we also make calendars with baskets to raise the funds for the hospital.

"Would you please make a portfolio to send us this year? We would like to know about the Red Indians and whether there are any living near you. Are there still any cowboys on the prairie as there used to be once? We hear that you have very big skyscrapers in New York. Have any of you been to New York? We would like you to tell us about the large passenger aeroplanes which you have in the U. S. A.

"You have winter at Christmas time but we have our summer then. Do you get snow at Christmas? What is your school like? And would you tell us about the trees, animals and birds which you have in the U. S. A.? We will now close hoping to hear from you soon."

(Continued from page 1)

Sakurai," "Silk Stories," "Ice Free!" "Games Throughout the World," "Something to Read"

### Centers of Interest:

*Home and School Life*—"The Story of Og," "Ice Free!" "Something to Read," "The Cold Engine," "Travels of the National Children's Fund," "News from Barrow, Alaska," "A Letter from Roumania"

*Community Life*—"The Story of Og," "Silk Stories," "Ice Free!" "Games Throughout the World," "News from Barrow, Alaska"

*Adaptation to forces of nature and to advancing physical frontiers*—"The Story of Og," "The Conquest of Yellow Jack," "News from Barrow"

*Effects of inventions, discoveries, and machinery upon production*—"Silk Stories," "The Conquest of Yellow Jack," "News from Barrow, Alaska"

*Social Provision for cooperative living*—"The Story of Og," "Silk Stories," "Ice Free!" "The Conquest of Yellow Jack," "Travels of the National Children's Fund," "News from Barrow, Alaska," "Working Together in Other Lands," "We Believe in Service to Others"



# Fitness for Service for January

## Home Care of the Sick

**I**F THERE is a class in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick in your community, an interesting demonstration may be arranged for an assembly or a class in health. Any of the following may be used:

1. Home care of a cold.
2. Protecting the baby from colds. This demonstration may include keeping the baby's toys clean, being careful of his diet, seeing that he sleeps alone and has plenty of fresh air, and that some part of every day is spent out doors.
3. Making the patient comfortable at home with improvised equipment. This may be shown through a play such as "Taking the Picnic to the Shut-in," N. H. 291; "It's Worth Knowing," N. H. 597; or "Grandma's Cough," N. H. 264.

A demonstration by a mother's class will be effective.

By writing the Public Health Nursing Service, American Red Cross, you can obtain an annotated list (N. H. 631) of plays and radio sketches about Home Hygiene.

If older pupils or individuals are interested in organizing a class in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick, confer with your chapter or write the Public Health Nursing Service at your Headquarters Office.

Older boys and girls will enjoy cooperating with public health nurses in providing needed equipment like bed tables or cribs, from orange crates or boxes, to help in the care of patients at home or of babies in underadvantaged families. Substitutes for hot water bottles can be made from old bricks or large bottles. They should have attractive covers.

## Conquests in Health

A school doctor, a public health officer, or some private physician will no doubt be glad to give information about important conquests of sickness, to be used in a special assembly. The story, "The Conquest of Yellow Jack," in this issue of the NEWS brings interesting material.

The School Health Bureau, Welfare Division, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, announces *Biographical and Scientific Material in Health Teaching* by Edna W. Bailey—a revision of "Some Ways of Using the Health Heroes Series." This "Health Heroes Series," with many numbers of which you may already be familiar, has the following titles available:

One copy each for every 5 pupils—Florence Nightingale, Edward Jenner, Robert Koch, Louis Pasteur, Walter Reed, Edward Livingston Trudeau.

Film strips, 35 mm. size only, one to a school—Florence Nightingale, Robert Koch, Louis Pasteur, Walter Reed, Edward Livingston Trudeau.

Health through the Ages, 10 copies for each 100 pupils, one copy to a classroom.

Wall Chart, to accompany *Health through the Ages*.

Monographs, single copies to teachers and administrators:

A Practicable School Health Program, Hand-Washing Facilities in Schools, The Teacher's Health, Teaching Health to Student Teachers, The Nature of Bacteria, Health Programs in Professional Schools for Teachers, Health Education in the State Normal School at Towson, Maryland, The Custodian and the School Child.

*Health Bulletin for Teachers*, distributed monthly during school year to teachers and administrators who request it.

The titles of these bulletins for the rest of this year are:

*January*—Recreation (changing conceptions)

*February*—Safety in the Home, School, and Community (suggestions for study of local situations)

Triple publication for teachers, parents, and high school students

*March*—Cleanliness (health and social aspects; facilities for washing hands)

*April*—Selection of Medical Services (physician, dentist, clinics)

*May*—Modern Conception of Physiology (emphasis upon functioning of personality as a whole and upon behavior rather than mere information)

*June*—The Year's Progress in Health

## Pellagra

A reprint of an article from the *Quarterly Review*, "Recent Trends in Pellagra," by Dr. William DeKleine, Medical Officer of the American National Red Cross, is available free on request of Headquarters Offices. The article gives interesting statistics about the drop in the death rate from pellagra since the distribution of yeast and garden seeds was begun by the Red Cross and State Health Agencies in sections where deaths from this cause had been steadily increasing.

## Sickness to Be Conquered

Areas of health in which doctors and other scientists are now at work seeking better preventive and curative measures include infantile paralysis, measles, scarlet fever, heart diseases, rheumatism, and types of sickness that are closely allied with infection set up by some of these.

Some of the serious menaces to health, which science has largely shown the way to conquer but which still endanger life because of inadequate application of knowledge, include typhoid fever, diphtheria, small-pox, and tuberculosis everywhere. The most helpful material on prevention and treatment of tuberculosis can be obtained through the National Tuberculosis Association, 50 West 50th Street, New York City.

The common cold is one of the dangerous ailments still a partial mystery to science. Segregation, rest, and good general resistance are the best means of prevention and cure.

This winter there is a widespread concerted effort against pneumonia. The Red Cross Public Health Service is sending out special references in a letter to their public health nurses and home hygiene instructors. The Metropolitan Life Insurance and John Hancock Life Insurance Companies have revised pamphlets on the prevention of pneumonia. Many State Departments of Health are issuing special bulletins and pamphlets.

No doubt doctors and health officers, or health workers in your community will be able to tell you what is being done locally. A poster project may be carried out in collaboration between a health class and an art class to show means of pneumonia prevention.



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